



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

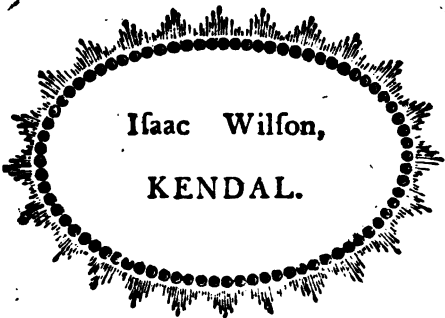
We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

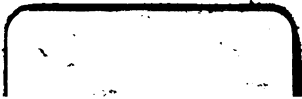
About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

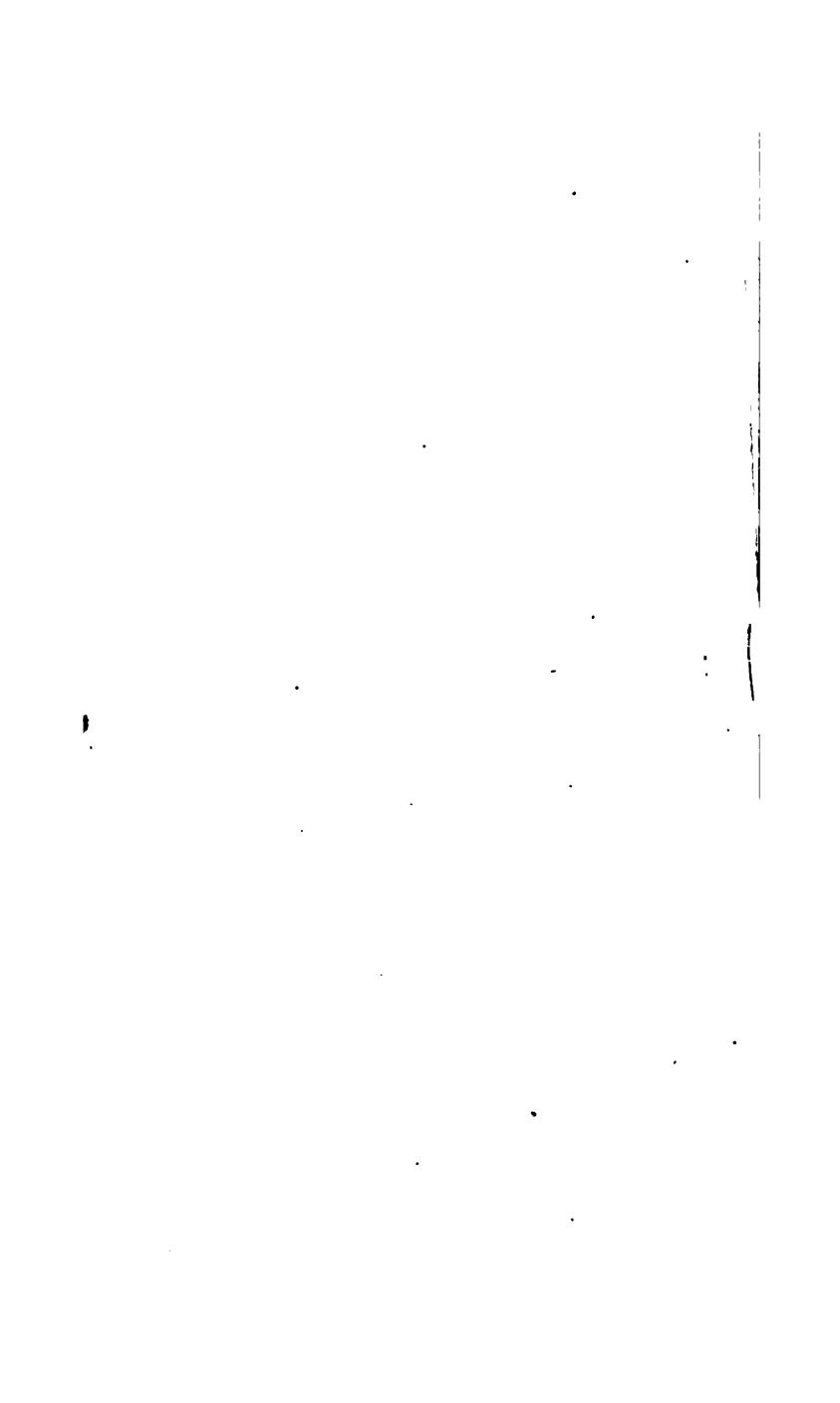


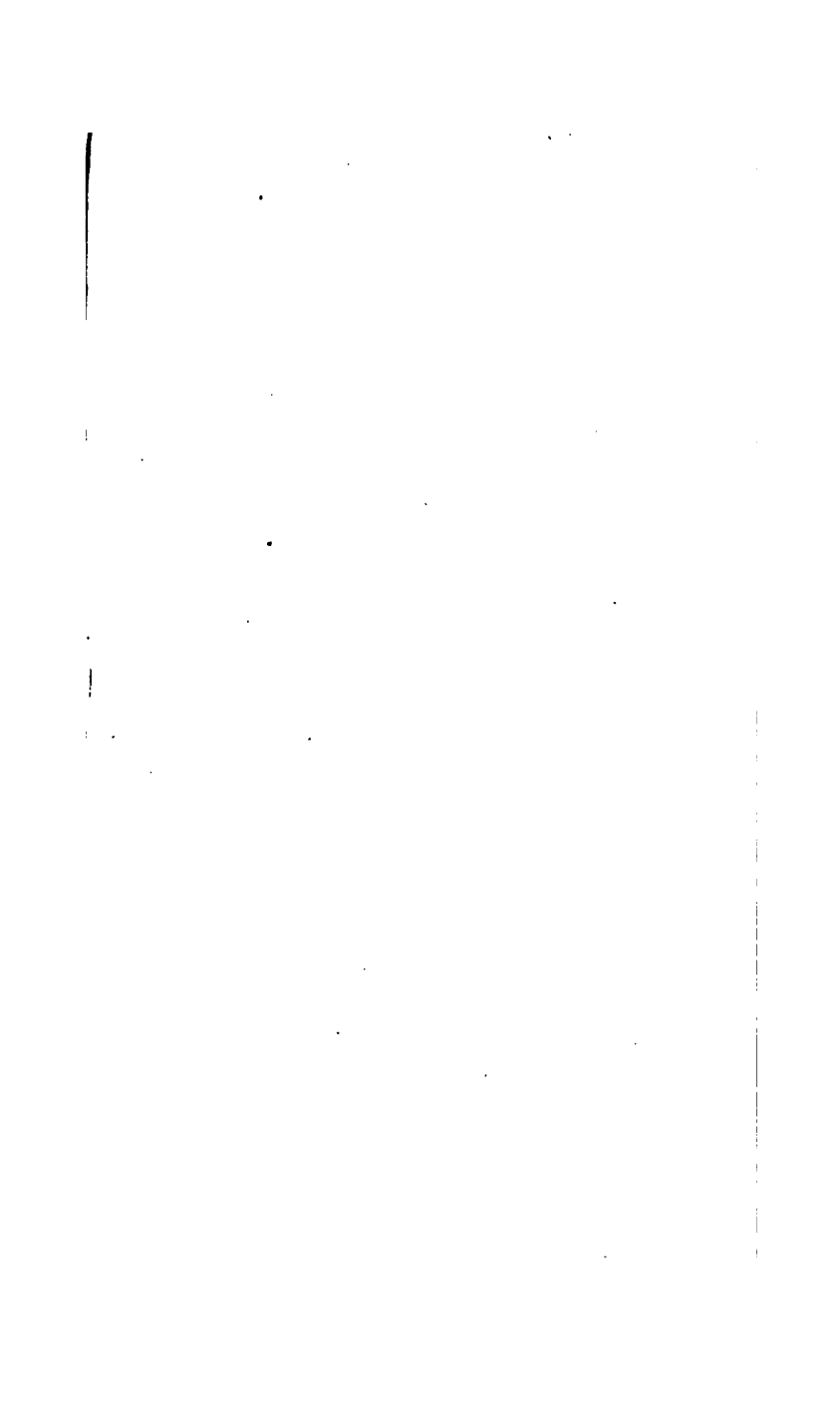


Isaac Wilson,
KENDAL.









Joan of Arc,
by
Robert Southey.

Εἰς ὁμολογίαν ἀρίστων ἀμνηστῶν περὶ πατρὸς.
ΟΜΗΡΟΣ.

THE SECOND VOLUME.

BRISTOL:
PRINTED BY M. HIGGS, FOR
T. N. LONGMAN, PATERNOSTER-ROW, LONDON,
AND JOSEPH COTTE, BRISTOL.
1798.

280

f

689



CONTENTS.

The fifth Book	- - - - -	5
The sixth Book	- - - - -	47
The seventh Book	- - - - -	85
The eighth Book	- - - - -	133
The ninth Book	- - - - -	189
The tenth Book	- - - - -	221



The Fifth Book.



The Maid receives a consecrated Banner. The troops under her command march towards Orleans. They meet with one of the female outcasts from that City. Her history, including that of the siege.



JOAN of ARC.

THE FIFTH BOOK.

Scarce had the earliest ray from Chinon's towers
Made visible the mists that curl'd along
The winding waves of Vienne, when from her couch
Started the martial Maid. She mail'd her limbs ;
The white plumes nodded o'er her helmed head ;
She girt the sacred falchion by her side,
And, like some youth that from his mother's arms,
For his first field impatient, breaks away,
Poising the lance went forth.

Twelve hundred men,
Rearing in order'd ranks their well-sharp'd spears,
Await her coming. Terrible in arms
Before them towered Dunois, his manly face
Dark-shadow'd by the helmet's iron cheeks.

V. 6

The assembled court gaz'd on the marshall'd train,
And at the gate the aged Prelate stood
To pour his blessing on the chosen host.
And now a soft and solemn symphony
Was heard, and chaunting high the hallow'd hymn
From the near convent came the vestal maids.
A holy banner, woven by virgin hands,
Snow-white they bore. A mingled sentiment
Of awe, and eager ardor for the fight,
Thrill'd thro' the troops, as he the reverend man
Took the white standard, and with heaven-ward eye
Call'd on the God of Justice, blessing it.
The Maid, her brows in reverence unhelm'd,
Her dark hair floating on the morning gale,
Knelt to his prayer, and stretching forth her hand
Receiv'd the mystic ensign. From the host
A loud and universal shout burst forth,
As rising from the ground, on her white brow,
She placed the plumed casque, and waved on high
The banner'd lillies. On their way they march,

V. 7

And dim in distance, soon the towers of Chinon
Fade from the eye reverted.

The sixth sun,
Purpling the sky with his dilated light,
Sunk westering ; when embosomed in the depth
Of * that old forest, that for many a league
Shadows the hills and vales of Orleannois,
They pitch their tents. The hum of occupation
Sounds ceaseless. Waving to the evening gale,
The streamers wanton ; and, ascending slow
Beneath the foliage of the forest trees,
With many a light hue tinged, the curling smoke
Melts in the impurpled air. Leaving her tent,
The martial Maiden wander'd thro' the wood ;
There, by a streamlet, on the mossy bank
Reclined, she saw a damsel ; her long locks
Engarlanded, and as she nearer came,

* The forest of Orleans contains even now fourteen thousand acres of various kinds of wood.

V. 8

The Virgin knew it for the willow weed.
Resting his head upon her lap, there lay
A dark-hair'd man, listening as she did sing
Sad ditties, and enwreath'd to bind his brow
The melancholy rue. Scared at the sound
Of one in arms approaching, she had fled ;
But Conrade, looking upward, recogniz'd
The Maid of Arc. " Fear not, poor Isabel,"
Said he " for this is one of gentle kind,
" Whom even the wretched need not fear to love."

So saying, he arose and took her hand,
And held it to his bosom. " My weak heart,
" Tho' school'd by wrongs to loath at human kind,
" Beats high, a rebel to its own resolves.
" Come hither outcast One ! and call her friend,
" And she shall be thy friend more readily
" Because thou art unhappy."

Isabel

Saw a tear starting in the Virgin's eye,

V. 9

And glancing upon Conrade, she too wept,
Wailing his wilder'd senses.

“ Mission'd Maid ! ”

The warrior cried, “ be happy ! for thy power
“ Can make this wanderer so. From Orleans driven,
“ Orphan'd by war, and torn away from one
“ Her only friend, I found her in the wilds,
“ Worn out with want and wretchedness. Thou, *JOAN*,
“ Wilt his beloved to the youth restore ;
“ And, trust me Maid ! the miserable feel
“ When they on others bestow happiness,
“ High joys and soul-ennobling.”

She replied,

Pressing the damsel's hand, in the mild tone
Of equal friendship, solacing her cares.
“ Soon shall we enter Orleans,” said the Maid ;
“ A few hours in her dream of victory
“ England shall triumph ; then to be awaked
“ By the loud thunder of Almighty wrath !
“ Irksome meantime the busy camp to me

V. 10

" A solitary woman. Isabel,
" Wert thou the while companion of my tent,
" Lightly the time would pass. Return with me,
" I may not long be absent."

" So she spake.

The wanderer in half-uttered words express'd
Grateful assent. " Art thou astonish'd Maid,
" That one tho' powerful is benevolent ?
" In truth thou well mayest wonder !" Conrade cried.
" But little cause to love the mighty ones
" Has the low cottager ! for with its shade
" Does POWER, a barren death-dew-dropping tree,
" Blast ev'ry herb beneath its baleful boughs !
" Tell thou thy sufferings Isabel ! Relate
" How warr'd the chieftains, and the people died.
" The mission'd Virgin hath not heard thy woes,
" And pleasant to mine ear the twice-told tale
" Of sorrow."

Gazing on the martial Maid

She read her wish and spake. " A wanderer now

V. 11

" Friendless and hopeless, still I love to think
" Upon my pleasant home, and call to mind
" Each haunt of careless youth ; the woodbin'd wall,
" The jessamine that round the straw-roof'd cot
" Its fragrant branches wreath'd, beneath whose shade
" I wont to sit and watch the setting sun
" And hear the redbreast's lay. Nor far remote
" As o'er the subject landskip round I gazed,
" The towers of Jenville rose upon the view.
" A foreign master holds my father's home !
" I, far away, remember the past years,
" And weep.

 " Two brethren form'd our family ;
" Humble we were, and happy. Honest toil
" Procur'd our homely sustenance ; our herds
" Duly at morn and evening to my hand
" Gave their full stores ; the vineyard he had rear'd
" Purpled its clusters in the southern sun,
" And, plenteous produce of my father's toil,
" The yellow harvest billowed o'er the plain.

V. 12

" How chearful seated round the blazing hearth
" When all the labour of the day was done,
" We past the evening hours ! for they would sing
" Or chearful roundelay, or ditty sad
" Of maid forsaken and the willow weed,
" Or of the doughty Paladins of France,
" Some warlike fit, the while my spinning wheel
" Humm'd not unpleasing round !"
" Thus long we lived,
" And happy. To a neighbouring youth my hand
" In holy wedlock soon to be combin'd
" Was plighted : my poor Francis !" Here she paus'd,
And here she wept awhile.
" We did not dream
" The desolating sword of War would stoop
" To us ; but soon as with the whirlwind's speed
" Ruin * rush'd round us. Mehun, Clery, fell,

* " To succeed in the siege of Orleans, the English first secured the neighbouring places, which might otherwise have annoyed the besiegers. The months of August and September were spent in this work. During that space they took Mehun,

V. 13

" The banner'd Léopard waved on Gergeau's wall ;
" Baugenci yielded ; soon the foe approach'd
" The towers of Jenville."

" Fatal was the hour

" To wretched Isabel : for from the wall
" The rusty sword was taken, and the shield
" That long had mouldered on the mouldering nail,
" To meet the war repair'd. No more was heard
" The ballad, or the merry roundelay ;
" The clattering hammer's clank, the grating file
" Harsh sounded thro' the day a dismal din.
" I never shall forget their mournful sound !

" My father stood encircling his old limbs
" In long forgotten arms. " Come boys," he cried,
" I did not think that this grey head again
" Should bear the helmet's weight ! but in the field

Baugenci, Gergeau, Ciery, Sully, Jenville, and some other small towns, and at last appeared before Orleans on the 12th of October."

Rapin.

V. 14

" Better to boldly die a soldier's death,
" Than here be tamely butcher'd. Thou my child,
" Go to the Abbey : here is gold to buy
" The safe protection of the holy church.
" Fare thee well Isabel ! if we survive
" And conquer, we shall meet again : if not,
" There is a better world !"

" In broken words

" Lifting his looks to Heaven, my father breath'd
" His blessing on me. As they strode away,
" My brethren gazed on me and prest my hand
" In silence, for they lov'd their Isabel.
" From the near cottage Francis join'd the troop.
" Then did I look on our forsaken home,
" And almost sob my very soul away !
" For all my hopes of happiness were fled,
" Like a vain dream !"

" Perish these mighty ones."

" Cried Conrade, " these prime ministers of death,
" Who stalk elated o'er their fields of fame,

V. 15

" And count the thousands they have massacred,
" And with the bodies of the innocent, rear
" Their pyramid of glory ! perish these,
" The epitome of all the pestilent plagues
" That Egypt knew ! who pour their locust swarms
" O'er ravaged realms, and bid the brooks run blood.
" FEAR and DESTRUCTION go before their path,
" And FAMINE dogs their footsteps. God of Justice,
" Let not the innocent blood cry out in vain !"

Thus whilst he spake the murmur of the camp
Rose on their ear : first like the distant sound
When the full-foliaged forest to the storm
Shakes its hoarse head ; anon with louder din ;
And thro' the opening glade gleamed many a fire.
The virgin's tent they enter'd ; there the board
Was spread, the wanderer of the fare partook,
Then thus her tale renew'd.

" Slow o'er the hill

" Whose rising head conceal'd our cot I past,

V. 16

" Yet on my journey paus'd awhile, and gaz'd
" And wept ; for often had I crost the hill
" With chearful step, and seen the rising smoke
" Of hospitable fire ; alas ! no smoke
" Curl'd o'er the melancholy chimneys now !
" Orleans I reach'd. There in the suburbs stood
" The abbey ; and ere long I learnt the fall
" Of Jenville.

" On a day, a soldier ask'd
" For Isabel. Scarce could my faltering feet
" Support me. It was Francis, and alone—
" The sole survivor of the fatal fight !

" And soon the foes approach'd : impending war
" Soon sadden'd * Orleans. There the bravest chiefs

* " The French King used every expedient to supply the city with a garrison and provisions, and enable it to maintain a long and obstinate siege. The Lord of Gaucour, a brave and experienced captain, was appointed governor. Many officers of distinction threw themselves into the place. The

V. 17

" Assemble : Thouars, Coarase, Chabannes,
" And the Sire * Chapelle in successful war
" Since wounded to the death, and that good Knight
" Girard of Rhodes, who in a better cause

troops which they conducted were inured to war, and were determined to make the most obstinate resistance : and even the inhabitants, disciplined by the long continuance of hostilities, were well qualified in their own defence, to second the efforts of the most veteran forces. The eyes of all Europe were turned towards this scene ; where, it was reasonably supposed, the French were to make their last stand for maintaining the independance of their monarchy, and the rights of their sovereign."

Hume.

* This title was not discriminately used by the French. Chapelle is sometimes stiled le Sire, and sometimes Gentil-homme de Beausse by Daniel. The same title was applied to the Almighty, and to Princes, and Selden observes from Pasquier " these ancient Barons affected rather to be stiled by the name of Sire than Baron, and the Baron of Coucy carried to that purpose this *richme* in his device :

Je ne suis Roy ne Princeaussi,
Je suis le Sire de Coucy.

V. 18

" Can never wield the crucifix † that hilts
 " His hallowed sword, and Xaintrailles ransom'd now,
 " And Fayette late releas'd, and that young * Duke
 " Who at Verneuil senseless with many a wound
 " Fell prisoner, and La Hire, the § merriest man

† At the creation of a Knight of Rhodes a sword with a cross for the hilt was delivered to him in token that his valour must defend religion. No bastard could be a Knight Hospitaller, from whose order that of Rhodes was formed, except a bastard to a Prince, there being honour in that dishonour, as there is light in the very spots of the moon."

Fuller's Historie of the Holy Warre.

* Alençon.

§ " In the late warres in France between King Henry the fifth of England and Charles the 7th of France, the French armie being in distresse, one Captain La Hire a Frenchman, was sent to declare unto the said French King, the estate and affaires of the warre, and how for want of victuals, money, and other necessities, the French had lost divers townes and battailes to the English. The French King being disposed to use his Captaine familiarly, shewed him such thinges as himself was delighted in, as his buildings, his banquets, faire ladies, &c. and then asked the Captaine how hee liked them: " trust me Sir" quoth the Captaine, speaking his

V. 19

" That ever yet did win his soldiers love,
" And over all for hardihood renown'd
" The Bastard Orleans.

" These within the town
" Expect the foe. Twelve hundred chosen men
" Well tried in war, uprear the guardian shield
" Beneath their banners. Dreadful was the sight
" Of preparation. The wide suburbs stretch'd
" Along the pleasant borders of the Loire,
" Late throng'd with multitudes, now feel the hand

mind freely, " I did never know any Prince that more delighted himself with his losses, than you doe with yours."

Howes.

La Hire had just time before an engagement to make a general confession of his sins, and tell his Confessor that they were all of them very soldier-like ones. This done he made this prayer, " Dieu je te prie, que tu fasses aujourd'hui pour La Hire, autant que tu voudrais que La Hire fit pour toi, s'il étoit Dieu et tu fusses La Hire." The epitaph of Thomas Hodmandod was evidently suggested by this ill-directed jest of La Hire. It is surprizing how few witticisms are original.

V. 20

" Of * Ruin. These preventive care destroys,
" Lest England; shelter'd by the friendly walls,
" Securely should approach. The monasteries
" Fell in the general waste. The holy Monks
" Unwillingly their long-accustomed haunts
" Abandon, haunts where every gloomy nook
" Call'd to awakened memory some trace
" Of vision seen, or sound miraculous.
" Trembling and terrified, their noiseless cells
" For the rude uproar of a world unknown,
" The nuns desert : their Abbess, more composed,
" Collects her maids around, and tells her beads,
" And pours the timid prayer of piety.
" The citizens with strong and ceaseless stroke

* " They pulled down all the most considerable buildings
in the suburbs, and among the rest twelve churches and
several monasteries ; that the English might not make use of
them in carrying on the siege."

Rapin. Monstrellet.

V. 21

" Dug up the violated earth, to impede
" The foe : the hollow chambers of the dead
" Echoed beneath. The brzen-trophied tomb
" Thrown in the furnace, now prepares to give
" The death it late recorded. It was and
" To see so wide a waste ; the aged ones
" Hanging their heads, and weeping as they went
" O'er the fall'n dwellings of their happier years ;
" The stern and sullen silence of the men
" Musing on vengeance : and, but ill repress,
" The mother's fears as to her breast she clasp'd
" Her ill-doom'd infant. Soon the suburbs lay
" One ample ruin ; the huge stones remov'd,
" Wait in the town to rain the storm of death.

" And now without the walls the desolate plain
" Stretch'd wide, a rough and melancholy waste,
" With upturn pavements and foundations deep
" Of many a ruined dwelling : nor within
" Less dreary was the scene ; at evening hour

" No more the merry * viol's note was heard,
 " No more the aged matron at her door
 " Humm'd cheery to her spinning wheel, and mark'd
 " Her children dancing to the roundelay.
 " The chieftains strengthening still the massy walls,
 " Survey them with the prying eye of fear.
 " The eager youth in dreadful preparation
 " Strive in the mimic war. Silent and stern,
 " With the hurrying restlessness of fear, they urge
 " Their gloomy labours. In the city dwelt

* The instrument which most frequently served for an accompaniment to the harp, and which disputed the pre-eminence with it in the early times of music in France, was the Viol; and indeed, when reduced to four strings, and stript with the frets with which viols of all kinds seem to have been furnished till the 16th century, it still holds the first place among treble instruments under the denomination of violin.

The Viol played with a bow, and wholly different from the Vielle, whose tones are produced by the friction of a wheel which indeed performs the part of a bow, was very early in favour with the inhabitants of France.

Burney's History of Music.

" A most dead silence of all pleasant sounds,

" But all day long the armourers beat was heard,

" And all the night it echoed.

" Soon the foe

" Led to our walls the siege : as on they move

" The clarions clangor, and the chearful fife,

" According to the thundering drum's deep sound,

" Direct their measur'd march. Before the ranks

" Stalks the stern form of Salisbury, the scourge

" Of France ; and Talbot towered by his side,

" Talbot, at whose dread name the froward child

" Clings mute and trembling to his nurse's breast.

" Suffolk was there, and Hungerford, and Scales,

" And Fastolffe, victor in the frequent fight.

" Dark as the autumnal storm they roll'd along,

" A countless host ! From the high tower I mark'd

" The dreadful scene ; I saw the iron blaze

" Of javelins sparkling to the noontide sun,

" Their banners tossing to the troubled gale,

" And—fearful music—heard upon the wind

V. 24

" The modulated step of multitudes.

" There in the midst, shuddering with fear, I saw
" The dreadful stores of death ; tremendous roll'd
" Over rough roads the harsh wheels ; the brazen tubes
Flash'd in the sun their fearful splendor far,
And last the loaded waggons creak'd along.

" Nor were our chieftains whilst their care procur'd
" Human defence, neglectful to implore
" That heavenly aid, deprived of which the strength
" Of man is weakness. Bearing thro' our streets
" The precious relics of the holy dead,
" The Monks and Nuns pour'd many an earnest prayer
" Devoutly join'd by all. Saint Aignan's shrine
" Was throng'd by supplicants, the general voice
" Call'd on Saint * Aignan's name again to save

* St. Aignan was the tutelary Saint of Orleans. He had miraculously been chosen Bishop of that City when Attila besieged it. " Comme les citoyens effrayez eurent recours a leur prelat, luy, sans se soucier, pour le salut de-siens, sortit

V. 25

" His people, as of yore, before he part
 " Into the fullness of eternal rest,
 " When by the Spirit to the lingering camp

de la ville et parla à Attila. Mais ne l'ayant pu fléchir, il se mit en prières, fit faire des processions, et porter par les rues les reliques des Saints. Un Prestre s'estant moqué, disant, que cela n'avoit de rien profité aux autres villes, tomba roide mort sur la place, portant par ce moyen la peine de son insolente temerité. Apres toutes ces choses, il commanda aux habitans de voir si le secours n'arrivoit point; ayant été répondu que non, il se remet en prières, et puis leur fait mesme commandement: mais n'appercevant point encore de secours, pour la troisieme fois il se prosterna a terre, les yeux et l'esprit vers le Ciel. Se sentant exaucé, il fait monter a la guerite et luy rapporte-t-on que l'on ne voyoit rien si non une grosse nuée de poussière, il assure que c'étoit le secours d'Aëtius et de Teudo Roy des Goths, lesquels tardans a se montrer a l'armée d'Attila, S. Aignan fut divinement transporté en leur camp, et les advertit que tout étoit perdu, s'ils attendoient au lendemain. Ils parurent aussi-tôt, et forcerent Attila de lever si hâtivement le siege, que plusieurs des siens se noyèrent dans la Loire, d'autres s'entretuerent avec regret d'avoir perdu la ville. Et non contents de cette victoire, le poursuivirent si vivement avec le Roy Merouce, qui se vint joindre a eux, qu'ils le firent en bataille rangée pres de Châlons, jonchant la campagne de 180,000 cadavres."

Le nouveau Parterre des fleurs des vies des Saints. Par P. Ribadencira, André du Val et Jean Baudoin. Lyons 1606.

V. 26

“ Of Ætius borne, he brought the timely aid,
“ And Attila with all his multitudes
“ Far off retreated to their field of shame.

And now Dunois, for he had seen the camp
“ Well-order’d, enter’d. “ One night more in peace
“ England shall rest,” he cried, “ ere yet the storm
“ Bursts on her guilty head ! then their proud vaunts
“ Forgotten, or remember’d to their shame,
“ Vainly her chiefs shall curse the hour, when first
“ They pitch’d their tents round Orleans.”

“ Of that siege,”

The Maid of Arc replied, “ gladly I hear
“ The detail. Isabel proceed ! for soon
“ Destin’d to rescue that devoted town,
“ All that has chanced, the ills she has endur’d,
“ I litsen, sorrowing for the past, and feel
“ High satisfaction at the saviour power
“ To me commission’d.”

Thus the virgin spake,
Nor Isabel delayed. “ And now more near

V. 27

"The hostile host advancing pitch their tents.
"Unnumber'd streamers wave, and clamorous shouts,
"Anticipating conquest, rend the air
"With universal uproar. From their camp
"A Herald comes ; his garb emblazon'd o'er
"With leopards and the lillies of our realm
"Foul shame to France ! The summons of the foe
"He brought."

The Bastard interrupting cried,
"I was with Gancour and the assembled chiefs,
"When by his office privileged and proud
"That Herald spake, as certain of success
"As he had made a league with Victory."
"Nobles of France rebellious ! from the chief
"Of yon victorious host, the mighty Earl
"Of Salisbury, now there in place of him
"Your Regent John of Bedford : in his name
"I come, and in our sovereign Lord the King's,
"Henry. Ye know full well our master's claim,
"Incontrovertible to this good realm,

V. 28

" By right descent, and solemnly confirm'd
" By your great Monarch and our mighty King
" Fifth Henry, in the treaty ratified
" At * Troyes, wherein your monarch did disclaim
" All future right and title to this crown,
" His own exempted, for his son and heirs
" Down to the end of time. This sign'd and seal'd
" At the holy altar, and by nuptial knot
" Of Henry and your Princess, yields the realm,
" Charles dead and Henry, to his infant son
" Henry of Windsor. Who then dares oppose
" My master's title, in the face of God
" Of wilful perjury, most atrocious crime,
" Stands guilty, and of flat rebellion 'gainst

* " By the treaty of Troyes, Charles was to remain in quiet possession of the royal dignity and revenues. After his death the crown, with all its rights and dominions, devolved to Henry and his heirs. The imbecillity of Charles was so great that he could not appear in public, so that the Queen and Burgundy swore for him."

Ropin.

V. 29

" The Lord's anointed. He at Paris crown'd,
" With loud acclaim from the dateous multitude
" Thus speaks by me. Deliver up your town
" To Salisbury, and yield yourselves and arms,
" So shall your lives be safe : and—mark his grace !
" If of your free accord, to him you pay
" Due homage as your sovereign Lord and King,
" Your rich estates, your houses shall be safe,
" And you in favour stand, as is the Duke,
" Philip of Burgundy. But—mark me well !
" If obstinately wilful, you persist
" To scorn his proffer'd mercy ; not one stone
" Upon another of this wretched town
" Shall then be left : and when the English host
" Triumphant in the dust have trod the towers
" Of Orleans, who survive the dreadful war
" Shall die like traitors by the hangman's hand.
" Ye men of France, remember Caen and Roan !"

" He ceased : nor Ganeour for a moment pau'd

" To form reply.

" Herald ! to all thy vaunts

" Of English sovereignty let this suffice

" For answer : France will only own as King

" Him whom the people chuse. On Charles's brow

" Transmitted thro' a long and good descent

" The crown remains. We know no homage due

" To English robbers, and disclaim the peace

" Inglorious made at Troyes by factious men

" Hostile to France. Thy master's proffer'd grace

" Meets the contempt it merits. Herald, yes,

" We shall remember Meaux, and Caen, and Roan-

" Go tell the mighty Earl of Salisbury,

" That as like Blanchard, Gaucour dares his power ;

" Like Blanchard, he can mock his cruelty,

" And triumph by enduring. Speak I well

" Ye men of Orleans ?"

" Never did I hear

" A shout so universal as ensued

" Of approbation. The assembled host

V. 31

" As with one voice pour'd forth their loyalty,
" And struck their sounding shields. The towers of Orleans
" Echoed the loud uproar. The Herald went.
" The work of war began."

" A fearful scene," .

Cried Isabel. " The iron storm of death
" Clash'd in the sky ; from the strong engines hurl'd
" Huge rocks with tempest force convuls'd the air ;
" Then was there heard at once the clang of arms,
" The bellowing cannons, and the soldier's shout,
" The female's shriek, the affrighted infant's cry,
" The groan of death : discord of dreadful sounds
" That jarr'd the soul !

" Nor while the encircling foe

" Leager'd the walls of Orleans, idly slept
" Our friends : for winning down the Loire its way
" The frequent vessel with provision fraught,
" And men, and all the artillery of death,
" Cheer'd us with welcome succour. At the bridge
" These safely stranded mock'd the foeman's force.

" This to prevent, * Salisbury their watchful chief,
 " Prepares the amazing work. Around our walls,
 " Encircling walls he builds, surrounding thus
 " The city. Firm'd with massiest buttresses,
 " At equal distance, sixty forts protect

" The besiegers received succours in the very beginning of the siege ; but the Earl of Salisbury, who considered this enterprize as a decisive action for the King his master, and his own reputation, omitted nothing to deprive the besieged of that advantage. He run up round the city sixty forts. How great soever this work might be, nothing could divert him from it, since the success of the siege entirely depended upon it. In vain would he have pursued his attack, if the enemies could continually introduce fresh supplies. Besides, the season, now far advanced, suggested to him, that he would be forced to pass the winter in the camp, and during that time be liable to many insults. Among the sixty forts, there were six much stronger than the rest, upon the six principal avenues of the city. The French could before with ease introduce convoys into the place, and had made frequent use of that advantage. But after these forts were built, it was with extreme difficulty that they could, now and then, give some assistance to the besieged. Upon these six redoubts the general erected batteries, which thundered against the walls."

Supin.

V. 33

" The pile. But chief where in the sieged town
" The * six great avenues meet in the midst,
" Six castles there he rear'd impregnable,
" With deep-dug moats and bridges drawn aloft,
" Where over the strong gate suspended hung
" The dread portcullis. Thence the gunner's eye
" From his safe shelter could with ease survey
" Intended sally, or approaching aid,
" And point destruction.

" It were long to tell
" And tedious, how with many a bold assault
" The men of Orleans rush'd upon their foes;
" How after difficult fight the enemy

* Rheims had six principle streets meeting thus in one centre
where the Cathedral stood.

Au centre de la Ville, entre six avenues,
S' eleve un sacré temple a la hauteur des nues.

Chaplain.

I know not whether towns were usually built upon this plan.

V. 34

" Possess'd the † Tournelles, and the embattled tower
" That shadows from the bridge the subject Loire ;
" Tho' numbering now three thousand daring men,
" Frequent and fierce the garrison repell'd
" Their far out-numbering foes. From every aid
" Included, they in Orleans groan'd beneath
" All ills accumulate. The shatter'd roofs
" Gave to the dews of night free passage there,
" And ever and anon the ponderous stone,
" Ruining where'er it fell, with hideous crash
" Came like an earthquake, startling from his sleep
" The affrighted soldier. From the brazen slings

† " The bulwark of the Tournelles being much shaken by the besiegers cannon, and the besieged thinking it proper to set it on fire, the English extinguished the flames, and lodged themselves in that post. At the same time they became masters of the tower on the bridge, from whence the whole city could be viewed."

Rapin,

V. 35

" The wild-fire * balls shower'd thro' the midnight sky,
" And often their huge engines cast among us
" The dead and loathsome cattle of their camp,
" As tho' our enemies, to most deadly league
" Forcing the common air, would make us breathe
" Poisonous † pollution. Thro' the streets were seen
" The frequent fire, and heaps of dead, in haste
" Piled up and steaming to infected Heaven.

* Drayton enumerates these among the English preparations for war :

" The engineer provided the petard
" To break the strong porticullies, and the balls
" Of wild-fire devised to throw from far
" To burn to ground their palaces and halls.

And at the siege of Harfleur he says,

" Their brazen slings send in the wild-fire balls.

† Thus at the siege of Thion sur l' escault. " Ceux de lest leur gectoient par leur engins chevaux mors & autres bestes mortes et paantes, pour les empuantir, dont ilz estoient la dedans en moult grant destresse. Car l'air estoit fort et chault ainsi comme en plein este, et de ce furent plus contrains que de nulle autre chose. Si considerent finalement

- " For ever the incessant storm of death
 " Pours down, and shrouded in unwholesome * vaults
 " The wretched females hide, not idle there,
 " Wasting the hours in tears, but all employ'd,
 " Or to provide the hungry seldier's meal,
 " Or to tear their garments to bind up his wounds :
 " A sad equality of wretchedness !
-

entre eulx que celle messaise ilz ne pourroient longuement
 endurer ne souffrir, tant leur estoit la punaisie abhominable."

Froissart 1 f. 38.

This was an evil which sometimes annoyed the besieging
 army. At Dan " pour la puantise des bestes que lon tuoit en
 lost, et des chevaulx qui estoient mors, lair estoit tout cor-
 rumpu, dont moult de chevaliers et escuyers en estoient ma-
 lades et merencolieux, et sey alloient les plusieurs, refreschir
 a Bruges et ailleurs pour eviter ce mauvais air."

Froissart 1. 175.

* At Thin sur l' Escault, " La fist le Duc charier grant foison
 dengins de Cambray et de Douay, et en y eut six moult grans,
 le Duc les fist lever devant la forteresse. Lesqz engins gec-
 toient nuyt et jour grosses pierres et mangonneaulx qui aba-
 toient les combles et le hault des tours des chambres et des
 salles. Et en contraignoient les gens du Chastel par cest as-

V. 37

" Now came the worst of ills, for Famine came !
" The provident hand deals out its scanty dole,
" Yielding so little a supply to life
" As but protracted death. The loathliest food-
" Hunted with eager eye, and dainty deem'd ;
" The dog is slain, that at his master's feet
" Howling with hunger lay ; with jealous fear,
" Hating a rival's look, the husband hides
" His miserable meal ; the famished babe
" Clings closely to his dying mother's breast ;
" And—horrible to tell !—where, thrown aside
" There lay unburied in the open streets
" Huge heaps of carcasses, the soldier stands
" Eager to seize the carrion crow for * food.

sault tresdurement. Et si nosient les compaignons qui le
gardoient demourer en chambres nen sales quilz eussent,
mais en caves & en celiers."

Froissart 1. 38.

* Scudery has a most ingenious idea of the effects of famine ;
during the blockade of Rome by the Goths ; he makes the

V. 38

" O peaceful scenes of childhood ! pleasant fields !
" Haunts of mine infancy, where I have stray'd
" Tracing the brook along its winding way,
" Or pluck'd the primrose, or with giddy speed
" Chaced the gay butterfly from flower to flower !
" O days in vain remember'd ! how my soul
" Sick with calamity, and the sore ills
" Of hunger, dwelt upon you ! quiet home !
" Thinking of you amid the waste of war,
" I could in bitterness have cur'd the Great
" Who made me what I was ! a helpless one,
" Orphan'd, and wanting bread !

" And be they curst,"

Conrade exclaim'd, his dark eye flashing rage ;

inhabitants eat one another, and then eat themselves.

La rage se meslant à leurs douleurs extrêmes,
Ils se mangent l'un l'autre, ils se mangent eux-mesmes.

Alarid.

Fuller expresses the want of food pithily. " The siege grew long, and victuals short."

V. 39

" And be they curst ! O groves and woodland shades,
" How blest indeed were you, if the iron rod
" Should one day from Oppression's hand be wrenched
" By everlasting Justice ! come that hour
" When in the Sun * the Angel of the Lord
" Shall stand and cry to all the fowls of Heaven,
" Gather ye to the supper of your God,
" That ye may eat the flesh of mighty men,
" Of Captains, and of Kings !" Then shall be peace.

" And now, lest all should perish," she pursued,
" The females and the infirm must from the town
" Go forth, and seek their fate.

* And I saw an Angel standing in the sun ; and he cried with a loud voice, saying to all the fowls that fly in the midst of heaven, " Come and gather yourselves together unto the supper of the great God :
That ye may eat the flesh of kings, and the flesh of captains, and the flesh of mighty men, and the flesh of horses, and of them that sit on them.

Revelations, xix. 17, 18.

The same idea occurs in Ezekiel, though not with equal

V. 40

" I will not now

" Recall the moment, when on my poor Francis,

" With a long look I hung ! At dead of night,

" Made mute by fear, we mount the secret bark,

" And glide adown the stream with silent oars :

" Thus thrown upon the mercy of mankind,

" I wandered reckless where, till wearied out

" And cold at heart, I laid me down to die :

sublimity.

And thou, son of man, thus saith the Lord God, speak unto every feathered fowl, and to every beast of the field. Assemble yourselves, and come ; gather yourselves on every side to my sacrifice that I do sacrifice for you, even a great sacrifice upon the mountains of Israel, that ye may eat flesh and drink blood.

Ye shall eat the flesh of the mighty, and drink the blood of the princes of the earth, of rams, of lambs, and of goats, of bullocks, all of them fatlings of Bashan.

And ye shall eat fat till ye be full, and drink blood till ye be drunken, of my sacrifice which I have sacrificed for you.

Thus ye shall be filled at my table with horses and chariots, with mighty men, and with all men of war, saith the Lord God.

Ezekiel xxxix. 17, &c.

V. 41

" So by this warrior found. Him I had known
" And loved, for all loved Conrade who had known him;
" Nor did I feel so pressing the hard hand
" Of want in Orleans, ere he parted thence
" On perilous envoy. For of his small fare"—

" Of this enough," said Conrade, " Holy Maid !
" One duty yet awaits me to perform.
" Orleans her envoy sent me, claiming aid
" From her inactive sovereign. Willingly
" Did I atchieve the hazardous enterprize,
" For Rumour had already made me fear
" The ill that has fallen on me. It remains
" Ere I do banish me from human kind,
" That I re-enter Orleans, and announce
" Thy march. 'Tis night—and hark ! how dead a silence !
" Fit hour to tread so perilous a path !"

So saying Conrade from the tent went forth.

The Sixth Book.

1

1

Conrade on his way to Orleans releases a French soldier. Council of the leaders. Summons of the Maid to the English Generals. The Maid attacks, defeats them, and enters Orleans in triumph at midnight, amid thunder and lightning.

JOAN of ARC.

THE SIXTH BOOK.

The night was calm, and many a moving cloud
Shadowed the moon. Along the forest glade
With swift foot Conrade past, and now had reach'd
The plain, were whilome by the pleasant Loire,
Cheer'd with the song, the rustics had beheld
The day go down upon their merriment :
No song of Peace now echoed on its banks.
There tents were pitched, and there the centinel,
Slow pacing on his sullen rounds, beheld
The frequent corse roll down the tainted stream.
Conrade with wider sweep pursued his way,
Shunning the camp, now hush'd in sleep and still.
And now no sound was heard save of the Loire,

VI. 48

Murmuring along. The noise of coming feet
Alarm'd him ; nearer drew the fearful sound
As of pursuit ; anon—the clash of arms !
That instant rising o'er a broken cloud
The moon beams shone, where two with combined force
Prest on a single foe ; he, warding still
Their swords, retreated in the unequal fight,
As he would make the city. Conrade shook
His long lance for the war, and strode along.
Full in the breast of one with forceful arm
Plunged he the spear of death ; and as, dismayed
The other fled, “ now haste we to the gates,
“ Frenchman !” he cried. On to the stream they speed,
And plunging stemm'd with sinewy stroke the tide,
Soon on the opposite shore arrived and safe.

“ Whence art thou ?” cried the Warrior ; “ on what charge
“ Commission'd ?”

“ Is it not the voice of Conrade ?”

François exclaim'd ; “ and dost thou bring to us

VI. 49

" Tidings of speedy aid ? oh ! had it come

" A few hours earlier ! Isabel is gone !"

" Nay she is safe : " cried Conrade, " her I found

" When wilder'd in the forest, and consign'd

" To the protection of that holy Maid,

" The delegate of Heaven. One evening more

" And thou shalt have thine Isabel. Now say,

" Wherefore alone ? A fugitive from Orleans,

" Or sent on dangerous service from the town ?"

" There is no food in Orleans," he replied,

" Scarce a meal more ! the assembled chiefs resolved,

" If thou shouldst bring no tidings of near aid,

" To cut their way to safety, or by death

" Prevent the pang of * famine. One they sought

" Who venturous in the English camp should spy

* Fuller calls this " resolving rather to lose their lives by wholesale on the point of the sword, than to retail them out by famine."

VI. 30

"Where safest they might rush upon the foe.

"The perilous task I chose, then desperate

"Of happiness."

So saying, they approach'd

The gate. The oghinel, soon as he heard

Thitherward footsteps, with uplifted lance

Challenged the darkling travellers. At their voice

He draws the strong bolts back, and painful turns

The massy entrance. To the careful chiefs

They pass. At midnight of their extreme state

Counselling they sat, serious and stern. To them

Conrade.

"Assembled Warriors! sent from God

"There is a holy Maid by miracles

"Made manifest. Twelve hundred chosen men

"Follow her hallowed standard. These Dunois,

"The strength of France, arrays. With the next morn

"Ye shall behold their march."

Astonishment

Seized the convened Chiefs, and joy by doubt

VI. 51

Little repress'd. "Open the granaries!"
Xaintrilles exclaim'd; "give we to all the host
"With hand unsparing now the plenteous meal;
"To-morrow we are safe! for Heaven all just
"Has seen our sufferings and decreed their end.
"Let the glad tidings echo thro' the town!
"God is with us!"

"Rest not in too full faith,"

Graville replied, "on this miraculous aid.
"Some frenzied female whose wild phantasy,
"Shaping vain dreams, infects the credulous
"With her own madness! that Dunois is there,
"Leading in arms twelve hundred chosen men,
"Cheers me: yet let not we our little food
"Be lavish'd, lest the warrior in the fight
"Should haply fail, and Orleans be the prey
"Of England!"

"Chief! I tell thee," Conrade cried,

"I did myself behold the sepulchre,
"Fulfilling what she spake, give up those arms

VI. 52

" That surely for no common end the grave
" Thro' many an age has held inviolate.
" She is the Delegate of the Most High,
" And shall deliver Orleans !"

Gaucour then,

" Be it as thou hast said. High hope I feel,
" For to no vulgar tale would Conrade yield
" Belief, or he the Bastard. Our small stores
" Must yield us, ere another week elapse,
" To death or England. Tell thro' all our troops
" There is a holy Virgin sent from God ;
" They in that faith invincible shall war
" With more than mortal fury."

Thus the Chief,

And what he said seem'd good. The men of Orleans,
Long by their foemen bayed, a victim band,
To war, and woe, and want, such transport felt,
As when the * Mexicans, with eager eye

* " It was the belief of the Mexicans, that at the conclusion of one of their centuries the sun and earth would be destroyed.

VI. 53

Gazing to Huixachtla's distant top,
On that last night, doubtful if ever morn
Again shall cheer them, mark the mystic fire
Flame on the breast of some brave prisoner,
A dreadful altar. As they see the blaze
Beaming on Iztapalapan's near towers,
Or on Tezcuco's calmy lake flash'd far,
Songs of thanksgiving and the shout of joy
Wake the loud echo ; the glad husband tears
The mantling aloe from the female's face,
And children, now deliver'd from the dread
Of everlasting darkness, look abroad,
Hail the good omen, and expect the sun
Uninjur'd still to run his flaming race.

On the last night of every century they extinguished all their fires, covered the faces of the women and children, and expected the end of the world. The kindling of the sacred fire on the mountain of Huixachtla was believed an omen of their safety.

See the History of Mexico, by the Abbe Clavigero.

VI. 54

Thus whilst in that besieged town the night
Wain'd sleepless, silent slept the hallowed host.
And now the morning came. From his hard couch,
Lightly upstarting and bedight in arms,
The Bastard moved along, with provident eye
Marshalling the troops. All high in hope they march;
And now the sun shot from the southern sky
His noon-tide radiance, when afar they hear
The hum of men, and mark the distant towers
Of Orleans, and the bulwarks of the foe,
And many a streamer wantoning in air.
These as they saw and thought of all the ills
Their brethren had endured, beleager'd there
For many a month; such ardor for the fight
Burnt in each bosom, as young Ali felt
When to the assembled tribe Mohammed spake,
Asking for one his Vizir. Fierce in faith
Forth from the race of Hashem stept the youth,
"Prophet of God! lo—I will be the man!"
And well did Ali merit that high post,

VI. 53

Victorious upon Beder's fertile vale,
And on mount Obud, and before the walls
Of Chaihar, then when cleaving to the chest
His giant foe, he grasp'd the massy gate,
Shook with strong arm and tore it from the fort,
And lifted it in air, portentous shield!

"Behold the towers of Orleans," cried Dunois.

"Lo! this the vale where on the banks of Loire,

"Of yore, at close of day the rustic band

"Danced to the roundelay. In younger years

"As oft I glided down the silver stream,

"Frequent upon the lifted oar I paus'd

"Listening the sound of far-off merriment.

"There wave the English banners! martial Maid,

"Give thou the signal—let me rush upon

"These ministers of murder, who have sack'd

"The fruitful fields, and made the hamlet haunts

"Silent—or hearing but the widow's groan.

"Give thou the signal Maiden!"

VI. 56

Her dark eye

Fix'd sadly on the foe, the holy Maid
Answer'd him. " Ere the bloody sword be drawn,
" Ere slaughter be let loose, befits us send
" Some peaceful messenger, who shall make known
" The will of Heaven. So timely warn'd, our foes
" Haply may yet repent, and quit in peace
" Besieged Orleans. Victory is sad
" When even one man is murder'd."

So she said,

And as she spake a soldier from the ranks
Advanced. " I will be thy messenger,
" Maiden of God ! I to the English camp
" Will bear thy bidding."

" Go," the Virgin cried,
" Say to the Chief of Salisbury, and the host
" Attending, Suffolk, Fastolffe, Talbot, Scales,
" Invaders of the country, say, thus says
" THE MAID OF ORLEANS. " With your troops retire
" In peace. Of every captur'd town the keys

VI. 57

" Restore to Charles ; so bloodless you may seek
" Your native England ; for the God of Hosts
" Thus has decreed. To Charles the rightful heir,
" By long descent and voluntary choice,
" Of duteous subjects hath the Lord assign'd
" His conquest. In his name the Virgin comes
" Arm'd with his sword ; yet not of mercy void.
" Depart in peace : for ere the morrow dawns,
" Victorious upon Orleans' wall shall wave
" The holy banner." To the English camp
Fearless the warrior strode.

At mid-day meal,
With all the dissonance of boisterous mirth,
The British Chiefs carous'd and quaff'd the bowl
To future conquest. By the centinel
Conducted came the Frank.

" Chiefs," he exclaim'd,
" Salisbury, and ye the representatives
" Of the English King, usurper of this realm,
" To ye the leaders of the invading host

VI. 58

"I come, no welcome messenger. Thus says
"THE MAID OF ORLEANS. "With your troops retire
"In peace. Of every captur'd town the keys
"Restore to Charles; so bloodless you may seek
"Your native England; for the God of Hosts
"Thus has decreed. To Charles the rightful heir,
"By long descent and voluntary choice
"Of dutious subjects, hath the Lord assign'd
"His conquest. In his name the Virgin comes,
"Arm'd with his sword, yet net of mercy void.
"Depart in peace: for ere the morrow dawns,
"Victorious upon Orleans' wall shall wave
"The holy banner."

Wonder made a pause;

To this the laugh succeeds. "What!" Fastolffe cried,
"A woman warrior has your monarch sent
"To save devoted Orleans? By the rood,
"I thank his Grace. If she be young and fair,
"No worthless prize my Lords! Go tell your Maid,
"Joyful we wait her coming."

VI. 59

There was one
Among the English Chiefs, who had grown old
In arms, yet had not age unnerv'd his limbs,
But from the flexible nimbleness of youth
Braced to unyielding strength. One, who had seen
The warrior at the feast, might well have deem'd
That Talbot with his whole collected might
Wielded the sword in war, for on his neck
The veins were full,* and every muscle bore
Most powerful character. He his stern eye
Fix'd on the Herald, and before he spake
His silence † threaten'd.

"Get thee gone!" exclaim'd

* Φαιης κεν γυίων νιν οσον σθένος ελλοπισμειν
Αι δε οι ωδηκαντι κατ' αυχενα παντοθεν ινες,
Και πολιω περ εοντι το δε σθενος αξιον αζας.

ΘΕΟΚΡΙΤΟΣ.

† Son silence menace.

Le Merve.

VI. 60

The indignant Chief, "away! nor think to scare
"With girlish phantasies the English host
"That scorns your bravest warriors. Hie thee hence,
"Insolent Herald! tell this frantic girl,
"This courtly minion, to avoid my wrath,
"For if she dares the war, I will not stain
"My good-blood-rusted sword—but she shall meet
"The mockery of the camp!"

"Nay, scare her not;"

Replied their Chief, "go tell this Maid of Orleans,
"That Salisbury longs to meet her in the fight.
"Nor let her fear that rude and iron chains
"Shall gall her tender limbs; for I myself
"Will be her prison, and——"

"Contemptuous Man!"

No more," the Frank exclaimed, as to his cheek
Rush'd the red anger. "Bearing words of peace
"And timely warning, came I to your camp,
"Here with rude mockery and stern insolence
"Received. Bear witness Chieftains! that the French,

VI. 61

"Free from blood-guiltiness, shall meet the war."

"And who art thou?" cried Suffolk, and his eye
Grew fierce and wrath-inflamed, "what fool art thou
That at this woman's bidding comest to brave
The host of England? thou shalt have thy meed!"
Then turning to the centinel he cried
"Prepare the stake! and let the men of Orleans,
And let this woman who believes her name
May privilege her apostle, see the * fire

* Reasons for burning a Trumpeter.

"The letter she sent to Suffolk was received with scorn,
and the trumpeter that brought it commanded to be burnt,
against the Law of Nations, saith a French † Author, but
erroneously, for his coming was not warranted by the authority
of any lawfull Prince, but from a private Maid, how highly
soever self-pretended, who had neither estate to keep, nor
commission to send a trumpeter.

Fuller's Profane State.

† De Serres.

VI. 62

" Consume him. Build the stake ! for by my God
" He shall be kalendered of this new faith
" First martyr."

As he spake a sudden flush
Came o'er the Herald's cheek, and his heart beat
With quicker action ; but the sudden flush,
Alarmed Nature's impulse, faded soon
To such a steady hue as spake the soul
Rous'd up with all its powers, and unsubdued,
And glorying in endurance. Thro' the camp
Soon as the tidings spread, a shout arose,
A hideous shout, more savage than the howl
Of midnight wolves ; and round the Frank they throng'd,
To gaze upon their victim. He pass'd on,
And as they led him to the appointed place
Look'd round, as tho' forgetful of himself,
And cried aloud, " Oh ! I am sad to think
" So many men shall never see the sun
" Go down ! ye English mothers mourn ye now,
" Daughters of England weep ! for hard of heart

VI. 63

" Still your mad leaders urge the impious war,
" And for their folly and their wickedness,
" Your sons, your husbands, by the sword must fall.
" Long-suffering is the Lord, and slow to wrath,
" But heavy are his judgements!"

He who spake

Was young and comely; had his cheek been pale
With dread, and had his eye look'd fearfully,
Sure he had won compassion; but the blood
Gave now a livelier meaning to his cheek,
As with a prophet's look and prophet's voice
He spake the ominous words: and they who heard
Wonder'd, and they who rear'd the stake urged on
With half-unwilling hands their slacken'd toil,
And doubted what might follow.

Not unseen

Rear'd they the stake, and piled around the wood;
In sight * of Orleans and the Maiden's host,

* De Serres says, " the Trumpeter was ready to be burnt
in the sight of the besieged."

VI. 64

Had Suffolk's arrogant fierceness bade the work
Of death be done. The Maiden's host beheld,
At once in eager wrath they rais'd the loud
And general clamour, "lead us to the foe!"
"Not upon us O God!" the Maid exclaim'd,
"Not upon us cry out the innocent blood!"
And bade the signal sound. In the English camp
The clarion and the trumpet's blare was heard,
In haste they seize their arms, in haste they form,
Some by bold words seeking to hide their fear
Even from themselves, some silently in prayer,
For much their hearts misgave them.

But the rage
Of Suffolk swell'd within him. "Speed your work!"
Exclaim'd the savage Earl, "kindle the pile
"That France may see the fire, and in defeat
"Feel aggravated shame!"

And now they bound
The Herald to the stake: he cried aloud,
And fix'd his eye on Suffolk, "let not him

VI. 63

"Who girdeth on his harness boast himself

"As he that puts it * off ! they come ! they come !

"God and the Maid !"

The host of France approached,

And Suffolk eagerly beheld the fire

Draw near the pile ; sudden a fearful shout

Toward Orleans turn'd his eye, and thence he saw

A mailed man upon a mailed steed

Come thundering on.

As when Chederles † comes

To aid the righteous on his deathless steed,

* Let not him that girdeth on his harness boast himself, as he that putteth it off.

I. Kings, 20, 11.

† "A ripâ fluminis Halys venimus ad Goukurtheroy ; inde Choron ; post in The Ke Thioi. Hic multa didicimus a monachis Turcicis, quos Dervis vocant, qui eo loco insignem habent ædem, de heroe quodam Chederle summâ corporis atque animi fortitudine, quem eundem fuisse cum nostro D. Georgio fabulantur ; eademque illi ascribunt quæ huic nostri ; nimirum vasti & horrendi draconis cæde servasse expositam virginem. Ad hæc alia adjiciunt multa, et quæ

VI. 66

Swaying his sword with such resistless arm,
Such mightiest force, as he had newly quaff'd
The hidden waters of eternal youth,
Till with the copious draught of life and strength
Inebriate ; such, so fierce, so terrible,
Came Conrade thro' the camp ; aright, aleft,
The affrighted English scatter from his spear ;
Onward he * drives, and now the circling throng

libitum est, comminiscuntur ; illum per longinquas oras peregrinari solitum, ad fluvium postremo pervenisse ; cujus aquæ bibentibus præstarent immortalitatem. Qui quidem fluvius, in quâ parte terrarum sit, non dicunt ; nisi fortassis in Utopiâ collocari debet : tantum affirmant illum magnis tenebris, multâque caligine obductum latere ; neque cuiquam mortalium post Chederlem, uti illum videret, contigisse. Chederlem vero ipsum mortis legibus solutum, huc illuc in equo præstantissimo, qui similiter ejusdem aquæ haustu mortalitatem exuerit, divagari, gaudentem præliis, adesse in bello melioribus, aut iis qui ejus opem imploraverint, cujuscunque tandem sint religionis."

Busbequius.

* Single sallies were not unusual in the wars of Edward III. in that which the following extract from Froissart records the Adventurers were well supported. It is characteristic as well

VI. 67

Fly from the stake and now he checks his course,
And cuts the Herald's bonds, and bids him live,
And arm, and fight, and conquer.

of the Ladies as the Warriors of the period.

Sir Walter Manny arrived at Hamebout to succour the Countess of Montford. " La Contesse fist appareiller et bien tapisser salles et chambres pour herberger aisement les Seigneurs et Barons Dangleterre quelle veoit venir, et envoya encontre eulx moult noblement. Quant ilz furent descenduz elle vint encontre eulx en grant reverence, si lez festoya amieulx que elle peut, et remercia et amena tous les chevaliers et escuyers dedans le chastel loger et en la Ville a leur aise, et leur donna le lendemain a disner grandement. Toute la nuyt ne ceaserent les engins de getter et le lendemain aussi. Quant vint apres disner que la dame eut festoye ces seigneurs, Messire Gaultier de Manny, qui estoit chief des Anglois demanda de l'estat de ceulx de la ville, et de ceulx de lost. Puis regarda et dist quil avoit grant volente daller abatre ung grant engin, qui moult pres leur estoit assis, et grant ennuy leur faisoit, mais que on le voulsist suyvir. Lors Messire Yves de Tribiquedy dist quil ne luy fauldroit ja a ceste premiere envahye; ainsi dist le Sire de Landreman. Lors se y allerent tous armer, puis yssirent tous paisiblement par une porte, et firent aller avecques eulx trois cens archiers, leqlz tyroient tellement quilz firent fouyr ceulx qui gardoient le grant engin, et les gens darmes qui venoient apres ces archiers.

VI. 66

"Haste thee hence

"To Orleans," cried the warrior. "Tell the Chiefs

"There is confusion in the English camp.

en tuerent aucuns abatirent ce grant engin et le despecerent et le coupperent par pieces. Puis sey coururent de randon jusques aux tentes et logis, si y murerent le feu et tuerent et nauverent plusieurs de leur ennemis, aincois que lost fust cesteu. Puis se retrairent tout bellement arriere. Quant ceulx de lost furent armez, ilz vindrent apres eulx courans comme foudres. Quant Messire Gaultier vit ce, il dist "jamais ne soyé saue ma dame et chiere amye, se je rentre en chastel ne en forteresse jusques a tant que je aye hant de ces venans vers. Lors se tourna le glaive au poing vers ses ennemis, aussi firent les deux freres de Landehale, le Haze de Brabant, Messire Yves de Tribiquedy, Messire Galeron de Landreman, et plusieurs autres compaignons. Se brocherent aux premiers venans et en firent plusieurs verser les jambes contremont; aussi en y eut il des leurs verséz. La commença ung tresfort bruit, car tousjours venoient avant ceulx de lost, multiplierent leur effort, par quoy il convint aux Anglois retraire tout bellement vers la forteresse. La peust on veoir, d'une part et d'autre, belles envahayes, belles rescousses, passes et faitz d'armes. Les Anglois se retrairent saigement jusques aux fossez, et la renderent estal tous combatans les chevaliers, jusques a ce que leurs gens fussent retraitz a sauvete. Et saichez que ceulx que point n'avoient este a abatre le grant engin yairont de la ville et se rengerent sur les fossez, et tirerent si fort que ils firent

VI. 69

"Bid them come forth." On Conrade's steed the youth
Leapt up and hasten'd onward. He the while
Turn'd to the war.

Like two conflicting clouds,
Pregnant with thunder, rush'd the hostile hosts.
Then man met man, then on the batter'd shield
Rung the loud lance, and thro' the darken'd sky
Fast fell the arrowy storms. Amid his foes
The Bastard's arm sway'd irresistible
The strokes of death ; and by his side the Maid
Led the fierce fight, the Maid, tho' all unused
To the rude conflict, now inspired by Heaven,
Flashing her flaming falchion thro' the troops,

~~et navrerent et occirent plusieurs hommes et chevaux.~~
ceulx de lost reculer, et navrerent et occirent plusieurs hommes et chevaux. Lors quant ceulx de lost virent quilz estoient au dessous, et quilz perdoient sans riens conquerir, ilz firent retraire leurs gens a leurs logis. Et quant ilz furent tous retraitz ceulx de la ville se retrairentaussi chascun a son hostel. Lors descendit la Contesse du chastel a joyeuse chiere, & vint baiser Messire Gaultier de Manny & ses compaignons, les ungs apres les autres deux fois ou trois, comme noble et vaillante dame."

Froissart.. 1. F. 38

VI. 70

That like the thunderbolt, where'er it fell,
Scattered the trembling ranks ; the Saracen,
Tho' arm'd from Cashbin or Damascus, wields
A weaker sword ; nor might that magic blade
Compare with this that Oriana saw
Flame in the brutal Ardan's robber hand,
When, sick and cold as the grave, she turn'd away
Her dizzy eyes lest they should see the death
Of her own Amadis. Nor plated shield,
Nor the strong hauberk, nor the crested casque,
Stay that descending sword. Dreadful she moved,
Like as the Angel of the Lord went forth
And smote his army, when the Assyrian King,
Haughty of Hamath and Sepharvaim fallen,
Blasphem'd the God of Israel.

Yet the fight

Hung doubtful, where exempling hardest deeds,
Salisbury mow'd down the foe, and Fastolfe strove,
And in the hottest doings of the war
Towered Talbot. He, remembering the past day

VI. 71

When from his name the affrighted sons of France
Fled trembling, all astonish'd at their force
And wontless valour, rages round the field
Dreadful in fury ; yet in every man
Meeting a foe fearless, and in the faith
Of Heaven's assistance firm.

The clang of arms

Reaches the walls of Orleans. For the war
Prepared, and confident of victory,
Speed forth the troops. Not when afar exhaled
The hungry raven snuffs the steam of blood
That from some carcass-cover'd field of fame
Taints the pure air, wings he more eagerly
To riot on the gore, than rush'd the ranks ;
Impatient now for many an ill endured
In the long siege, to wreak upon their foes
Due vengeance. Then more fearful grew the fray ;
The * swords that late flash'd to the evening sun,

* Now does the day grow blacker than before,

VI. 72

Now quenched in blood their radiance.

O'er the host

Howl'd the deep wind that ominous of storms
Roll'd on the lurid clouds. The blacken'd night
Frown'd; and the thunder from the troubled sky
Roar'd hollow. Javelins clash'd and bucklers rang;
Shield prest on shield; loud on the helmet jarr'd
The ponderous battle axe; the frequent groan
Of death commingling with the storm was heard,
And the shrill shriek of Fear.

Even such a storm

Before the walls of Chartres quell'd the pride
Of the third Edward, when the heavy hail
Smote down his soldiers, and the Conqueror heard

The swords that glistered late, in purple gore
Now all distain'd, their former brightness lose.

Mays: Edward III.

And again Book 7.

The glittering swords that shone so bright of late
Are quickly all distain'd with purple gore.

VI. 73

God in the tempest, and remembered him
Of the widows he had made, and in the name
Of blessed Mary * vowed the vow of peace.

* Il advint a luy et a toute sa gent, estant devant Chartres, qui moult hurailia et brise son courage ; car entendis que ces traideurs Francois alloient et preschoient ledit roy et son conseil, et encores nulle response agreable nen avoient eue. Une orage une tempeste et une foudre si grande et si horrible descendit du ciel en lost du roy Dangleterre quil sembloit proprement que le siecle deust finir. Car il cheoit si grosses pierres que elles tuoient hommes et chevaux, et en furent les plus hardis tous esbahis. Adoneques regarda le roy Dangleterre devers leglise de nostre dame de Chartres, et se voua et rendit devotement a nostre dame, et promist, et confissa sicomme il dist depuis quil se accorderoit a la paix.

Froissart.

But whilst he lodged there, (before Chartres) his army making a horrible spoile of the whole country, there chanced an occasion, as the work of Heaven, which suddenly quailed his ambitious design to ruin France : for behold a horrible and extraordinary tempest of hail, thunder, and lightning, fell with such violence as many horses and men in the army perished, as if that God had stretched forth his hand from Heaven to stay his course.

De Serris.

VI. 74

Lo! where the holy banner waved aloft,
The lambent lightnings play'd. Irradiate round
As with a blaze of glory, o'er the field
It stream'd miraculous splendour. Then their hearts
Sunk, and the English trembled; with such fear.
Possessed, as when the combined host beheld
The sun stand still on Gibeon, at the voice
Of that king-conquering warrior, he who smote
The country of the hills, and of the south,
From Baal-gad to Halak, and their Kings,
Even as the Lord commanded. Swift they fled
From that portentous banner, and the sword
Of France; tho' Talbot with vain valiancy
Yet urged the war, and stemm'd alone the tide
Of conquest. Even their leaders felt dismay;
Fastolffe fled fast, and Salisbury in the rout
Mingles, and all impatient of defeat,
Borne backward Talbot turns. Then echoed loud
The cry of conquest, deeper grew the storm,
And Darkness, hovering o'er on raven wing,

VI. 75

Brooded the field of death.

Nor in the camp
Deem themselves safe the trembling fugitives.
On to the forts they haste. Bewilder'd there
Amid the moats by fear, and the dead gloom
Of more than midnight darkness, plunge the troops,
Crush'd by fast following numbers who partake
The death they give. As rushing from the snows
Of winter liquified, the torrent tide
Resistless down the mountain rolls along,
Till at the brink of giddy precipice
Arrived, with deafening clamour down it falls :
Thus borne along, the affrighted English troops
Driven by the force behind them, plunge amid
The liquid death. Then rose the dreadful cries
More dreadful, and the dash of breaking waves
That to the passing lightning as they broke
Gleam'd horrible.

Nor of the host so late
Triumphing in the pride of victory,

VI. 76

And swoln with confidence, had now escaped
One wretched remnant, had not Talbot's mind,
Slow as he moved unwilling from the war,
What most might profit the defeated ranks,
Pondered. He reaching safe the massy fort
By St. John's name made holy, kindled up
The guiding fire. Not unobserved it blazed ;
The watchful guards on Tournelles, and the pile
Of that proud city, in remembrance fond
Call'd London, light the beacon. Soon the fires
Flame on the summit of the circling forts
That firm entrenched with walls and deep-delved moats
Included Orleans. O'er the shadowy plain
They cast a lurid splendor ; to the troops
Grateful, as to the way-worn traveller,
Wandering with parched feet o'er the Arabian sands,
The far-seen cistern ; he for many a league
Travelling the trackless desolate, where heaved
With tempest swell the desert billows round,
Pauses, and shudders at his perils past,

VI. 77

Thou wild with joy speeds on to taste the wave
So long bewail'd.

Swift as the affrighted herd
Scud o'er the plain, when frequent thro' the sky
Flash the fierce lightnings, speed the routed host
Of England. To the sheltering forts they haste,
Tho' safe, of safety doubtful, still appall'd
And trembling, as the pilgrim who by night
On his way wilder'd, to the wolf's deep howl
Hears the wood echo, when from the fell beast
Escaped, of some tall tree the topmost branch
He grasps close clinging, still of that keen fang
Fearful, his teeth jar, and the big drops stand
On his cold quivering limbs.

Not now the Maid
Greedy of vengeance urges the pursuit.
She bids the trumpet of retreat resound,
A pleasant music to the routed ranks
Blows the loud blast. Obedient to its voice
The French, tho' eager on the invaders' heads

VI. 78

To wreak their wrath, stay the victorious sword.

Loud is the cry of conquest as they turn
To Orleans. There what few to guard the town
Unwilling had remained, haste forth to meet
The triumph. Many a blazing torch they held
That rais'd aloft amid the midnight storm,
Flash'd far a festive light. The Maid advanced ;
Deep * thro' the sky the hollow thunders roll'd ;

* The circumstance of the Maids entering Orleans at midnight in a storm of thunder and lightning is historically true.

“ The Englishmen perceiving that thei within could not long continue for faute of vitaille and poudre, keppe not their watche so diligently as thei wer accustomed, nor scoured not the countrey environed as thei before had ordained. Whiche negligence the Citezens shut in perceiving, sent worde therof to the French capitaines, which with Pucelle in the dedde tyme of the nighte, and in a greate rayne and thundre, with all their vitaille and artillery entered into the cite.

Hall fol. 127. Edmond Howes. Rapin.

Shakespear also notices this storm. Striking as the circumstance is Chapelain has omitted it.

VI. 79

Innocuous lightnings round the hallowed banner
Wreath'd their red radiance:

Thro' the open'd gate
Slow past the laden convoy. Then was heard
The shout of exultation, and such joy
The men of Orleans at that welcome sight
Possess'd ; as when from Bactria late subdued,
The Macedonian Madman led his troops
Amid the Sogdian desert, where no stream
Wastes on the wild its fertilizing waves.
Fearful alike to pause, or to proceed ;
Scorch'd by the sun that o'er their morning march
Steam'd his hot vapours, heart subdued and faint ;
Such joy as then they felt, when from the heights
Burst the soul-gladdening sound ! for thence was seen
The evening sun silvering the vale below,
Where Oxus roll'd along.

Clamours of joy
Echo along the streets of Orleans, wont
Long time to hear the infant's feeble cry,

VI. 80

The mother's frantic shriek, or the dread sound,
When from the cannon burst its stores of death.
Far flames the fire of joy on ruin'd piles,
And high heap'd carcasses, whence scared away
From his abhorred meal, on clattering wing
Rose the night-raven slow.

In the English forts,
Sad was the scene. There all the livelong night
Steals in the stragling fugitive ; as when,
Past is the storm, and o'er the azure sky
Serenely shines the sun ; with every breeze
The waving branches drop their gather'd rain,
Renewing the remembrance of the storm.

The Seventh Book.

Description of the English forts. The French troops attack and capture the forts of St. Loup and St. John. Attack of Fort London. Salisbury encounters the Maid. Event of that encounter. The Tournelles surrounded by the French, who dispatch a troop to Orleans for provisions, and encamp before it for the night.

JOAN of ARC.

THE SEVENTH BOOK.

Strong were the English * forts, by daily toil
Of thousands rear'd on high, when arrogant
With fancied conquest, Salisbury bade rise
The amazing pile, from succour to include
Besieged Orleans. Round the city walls

* The patience and perseverance of a besieging army in those ages appear almost incredible to us now. The camp of Ferdinand before Granada swelled into a city. Edward III. made a market town before Calais. Upon the Captain's refusal to surrender, says Barnes " he began to entrench himself strongly about the city, setting his own tent directly against the chief gates at which he intended to enter ; then he placed bastions between the town and the river, and set out regular streets, and rear'd up decent buildings of strong timber between the trenches, which he covered with thatch, reed, broom and skins. Thus he encompassed the whole town of

VII. 86

Stretch'd the wide circle, massy as the fence
 Erst by the fearful Roman on the bounds
 Of Caledonia rais'd, for, soul-enslaved
 Her hireling plunderers fear'd the car-borne chiefs
 Who rush'd from Morven down.

Strong battlements

Crested the mighty bulwark, on whose top
 Secure the charioteer might wheel along.
 The frequent buttress at just distance, rose
 Declining from its base, and sixty forte

Calais, from Risban on the northwest side to Courgain on the northeast, all along by Sangate, at Port and Fort de Niculay, commonly by the English called Newland bridge, down by Hammes, Cologne and Marke; so that his camp looked like a spacious city, and was usually by strangers, that came thither to market, called New Calais. For this Prince's reputation for justice was so great, that to his markets (which he held in his camp twice every week, viz: on Tuesdays and Saturdays for flesh, fish, bread; wine and ale, with cloth and all other necessities) there came not only his friends and allies from England, Flanders and Aquitain, but even many of King Philip's subjects and confederates conveyed thither their cattle and other commodities to be sold.

VII. 87

Lifted aloft their turret-crowned heads,
 All firm and massy. But of these most firm,
 As tho' of some large castle such the Keep,
 Stood six square fortresses with turrets flank'd,
 Piles of unquall'd strength, tho' now doom'd weak
 'Gainst puissance more than mortal. Safely hence
 The skilful archer entering* with his eye
 The city, might, himself the while unseen,
 Thro' the long opening shower his winged deaths.
 Loire's waves diverted fill'd the deep-dug moat
 Circling the pile, a bulwark vast, as what
 Round their disheartened camp and stranded ships
 The Greeks appear'd, a common sepulchre
 Of thousands slaughter'd, and the doom'd death-place
 Of many a Chief, when Priam's patriot son
 Rush'd in his wrath and scattered their pale tribes.

* Nunc lentus, celsis adstans in collibus, intrat
 Urbem oculis, discitque locos caussasque locorum.

Silius Italicus. xii. 567.

VII. 68

But cowering now amid their sheltering forts
 Tremble the English host. Their leaders care
 In anxious vigilance preposts to ward
 Assault expected. Nor the Mæd's intent
 Did he not rightly arted; tho' vain the attempt
 To kindle in their breasts the wonted flame
 Of valour; for by prodigies unmann'd
 They wait the morn; the soldiers' pride was gone,
 The blood was on their swords, their bucklers lay
 Unburnish'd and * defiled, they sharpened not
 Their blunted spears, the affrighted archer's hand
 Relaxed not his bent bow. To them, confused
 With fears of unknown danger the long night
 Was dreadful, but more dreadful dawn'd the day.

* Abjecere madentes,
 Sicut erant, clypeos; nec quisquam spicula tersit,
 Nec laudavit equum, nitidæ nec cassidis altam
 Compexit adornavitque jubam.

Statius.

VII. 89

The morning came. The martial Maid arose.
Lovely in arms she moved. Around the gate
Eager again for conquest throng the troops.
High towered the Son of Orleans, in his strength
Poising the ponderous spear. His batter'd shield,
Witnessing the fierce fray of yesternight,
Hung on his sinewy arm.

“ Maiden of Arc,

“ So as he spake approaching,” cried the Chief,
“ Well hast thou prov'd thy mission, as, by words
“ And miracles attested when dismayed
“ The stern Theologists forgot their doubts,
“ So in the field of slaughter now confirm'd.
“ Yon well-fenced forts protect the fugitives,
“ And seem as in their strength they mock'd our force.
“ Yet must they fall.”

“ And fall they shall !” replied

The Maid of Orleans. “ Ere the sun be set
“ The lily on that shattered wall shall wave
“ Triumphant.—Men of France ! ye have fought well

VII. 90

" On that blood-reeking plain. Your humbled foes
" Lurk trembling now amid their massy walls;
" Wolves that have savaged the neglected flock!
" The Shepherd—the Great Shepherd is arisen!
" Ye fly! yet shall not ye by flight escape
" His vengeance. Men of Orleans! it were vain
" By words to waken wrath within your breasts.
" Look round! Your holy buildings and your homes—
" Ruins that choke the way! your populous town—
" One open sepulchre! who is there here
" That does not mourn a friend, a brother slain,
" A parent famish'd—or his dear loved wife
" Torn from his bosom—outcast—broken hearted—
" Cast on the mercy of mankind?

She ceased.

The cry of indignation from the host
Burst forth, and all impatient for the war
Demand the signal. These Dunois arrays
In four battalions. Xaintrailles, tried in war,
Commands the first; Xaintrailles, who oft subdued

VII. 91 . . .

By adverse fortune to the captive chain,
 Still more tremendous to the enemy,
 Lifted his death-fraught lance, as erst from earth
 Antæus vaulting in his giant bulk,
 When graspt by force Herculean, down he fell
 Vanquisht; soon arose more fierce for war.

Gaueour o'er one provides, the steady friend
 To long imprison'd Orleans; of his town
 Beloved guardian, he the dreadful siege
 Firmly abiding, prudent still to plan
 Irruption, and with youthful vigour swift
 To lead the battle, from his soldiers love
 Prompter obedience gained, than ever fear
 Forced from the heart reluctant.

The third band

Alencon leads. He on the fatal field
 Verneuil, when Buchan and the Douglas died,
 Fell senseless. Guiltless he of that day's loss,
 Wore undiagnosed awhile the captive chain.

- " On that blood-reeking plain. Your humbled foe
 " Lurk trembling now amid their massy walls;
 " Wolves that have ravaged the neglected flock!
 " The Shepherd—the Great Shepherd is arisen!
 " Ye fly! yet shall not ye by flight escape
 " His vengeance. Men of Orleans! it were vain
 " By words to waken wrath within your breasts.
 " Look round! Your holy buildings and your homes—
 " Ruins that choke the way! your populous town—
 " One open sepulchre! who is there here
 " That does not mourn a friend—another day
 " A parent famish'd—or brother
 " Torn from his bosom—
 " Cast on the mercy of

The cry of indignation
 Burst forth,
 Demand
 In fury
 Cry

By adverse fortune to the captive chain.
Still more

Still more transmissions to the enemy.
Lifted by

Lifted his death-fraught brow; he cast from him

Antaeus vaulting in his giant bulk.
When

When grappled by these Heretics, down to the

Vanquish: sung upon most Stone Surges

cloud

To long [unclear] plain,

Be loved and the fort,

the fort,
ated shafts.

To _____ opt spew

To _____

— 38 —

Station: INV. 904.

William Glavinick of Smith

... calls him William Charles

that I have introduced.
 Mod. They may all be named

VII. 94 ..

Hurl fierce. Nor from the strong arms only launch'd
 The javelin fled, but driven by the strained force
 Of the † balista, in one cartass spent
 Stay'd not; thro' arms and men it makes its way,
 And leaving death behind, still holds its course
 By many a death unclogg'd. With rapid march
 Right onward they advanced, and soon the shafts,
 Impell'd by that strong stroke beyond the host,

~~ut in castris~~

† Neque enim solis exousa lacertis

Lancea, sed tenso balistæ turbine rapta,

Haud unum contenta latus transire, quiescit;

Sed pendens perque arma viam, perque ossa, relictâ

Morte fugit: superest telo post vulnera cursus.

Lucan. III

Vegetius says, that the Balista discharged darts with such rapidity and violence, that nothing could resist their force. This engine was used particularly to discharge darts of a surprizing length and weight, and often many small ones together. Its form was not unlike that of a broken bow; it had two arms, but strait and not curve like those of a cross-bow, of which the whole acting force consists in bending the bow. That of the balista as well as of the catapulta, lies in its cords.

Rollin.

VII. 95

Wasting their force, fell harmless. Now they reach'd
 Where by the § bayle's embattled wall in arms
 The Knights of England stood. There Poynings shook
 His lance, and Gladdisdale his heavy mace
 For the death-blow prepar'd. Alencon here,
 And here the Bastard strode, and by the Maid
 That daring man who to the English host
 Then insolent of many a conquest gain'd,



§ The bayle or lists was a space on the outside of the ditch, surrounded by strong pallisades, and sometimes by a low embattled wall. In the attack of fortresses, as the range of the machines then in use did not exceed the distance of four stadia, the besiegers did not carry on their approaches by means of trenches, but began their operations above ground, with the attack of the bayle or lists, "where many feats of chivalry were performed by the Knights and men at arms, who considered the assault of that work as particularly belonging to them, the weight of their armour preventing them from scaling the walls. As this part was attacked by the Knights and men at arms, it was also defended by those of the same rank in the place, whence many single combats were fought here. This was at the first investing of the place.

Gower

VII. 96

Bore her bold bidding. A rude * coat of mail
 Unhosed, unhooded, as of lowly line
 Arm'd him, tho' here amid the high-born chiefs
 Præminent for prowess. On his head
 A black plume shadowed the rude-featur'd † helm.
 Then was the war of men, when front to front
 They rear'd the hostile hand, for low the wall
 Where the bold Frenchmen's upward-driven spear,
 Might pierce the foemen.

* In France only persons of a certain estate, called *seigns de hauber*, were permitted to wear a hauberk, which was the armor of a Knight. Esquires might only wear a simple coat of mail without the hood and hose. Had this aristocratic distinction consisted in the ornamental part of the arms alone, it would only have been ridiculous. In the enlightened and free States of Greece, every soldier was well provided with defensive arms. In Rome, a civic wreath was the reward of him who should save the life of a citizen. To use the words of Dr. Gillies, "the miserable peasants of modern Europe are exposed *without defence as without remorse*, by the ambition of men, whom the Greeks would have stiled tyrants."

† The burgonet, which represented the shape of the head and features.

VII. 97

As Alencon moved,
On his crown-crested * helm with ponderous blow
Fell Gladdisdale's huge mace. Back he recoi'd
Astounded ; soon recovering, his keen lance
Thrust on the warrior's shield : there fast-infix'd,
Nor could Alencon the deep-driven spear . .
Recover, nor the foe-man from his grasp
Wrench the contended weapon. Pierce again
He lifts the mace, that on the ashen hilt
Fell full ; it shiver'd, and the Frenchman held
A pointless truncheon. Where the Bastard fought
The spear of Poynings, thro' his plated mail
Pierced, and against the † iron fence beneath
Blunted its point. Again he speeds the spear ;

* Earls and Dukes frequently wore their coronets on the crests of their helmets. At the battle of Azincour, Henry wore " a bright helmet, whereupon was set a crowne of gold, replete with pearle and precious stones, marvellous rich."

Howes.

† A breast-plate was sometimes worn under the hauberk.

VII. 98

At once Dunois on his broad buckler bears
The unharmed stroke, and aims with better fate
His javelin. Thro' his sword-arm did it pierce
Maugre the mail. Hot from the streaming wound
Again the weapon fell, and in his breast
Even thro' the hauberk drove.

But there the war
Raged fiercest where the martial Maiden moved
The minister of wrath ; for thither throng'd
The bravest champions of the adverse host.
And on her either side two warriors stood
Of unmatch'd prowess, still with eager eye
Shielding her form, and aiming at her foes
Their deadly weapons, of themselves the while
Little regarding. One was that bold man
Who bade defiance to the English Chiefs.
Firmly he stood, untir'd and undismay'd,
Tho' on his burgonet the frequent spear
Drove fierce, and on his arm the buckler hung
Heavy, thick-bristled with the hostile shafts,

VII. 99

Even like the porcupine when in his rage
 Rous'd, he collects within him all his force,
 Himself a quiver. And of loftier port
 On the other hand towered Conrade. Firmly fenced,
 A jazerent of double mail he wore,
 Beneath whose weight one but of common strength
 Had sunk. Untir'd the conflict he endur'd,
 Wielding a battle-axe ponderous and keen,
 That gave no second stroke; for where it fell,
 Not the strong buckler nor the plated mail
 Might save, nor crested casque. On Molyn's head,
 As at the Maid he aimed his javelin,
 Forceful it fell, and shiver'd with the blow
 The iron helm, and to his brain-pan drove
 The fragments. At their comrades death amaz'd,
 And for a moment fearful shrunk the foes.
 That instant Conrade, with an * active bound;

* The nature of this barrier has been explained in a previous note. The possibility of leaping upon it is exemplified in the following adventure, characteristic enough of the period

VII. 100

Sprung on the battlements ; there firm he stood,
Guarding ascent. The warrior Maid of Arc,
And he the partner of that battle's fate,

in which it happened (1370) to merit preservation.

“ At that time there was done an extraordinary feat of arms by a Scotch Knight, named Sir John Assueton, being one of those men of arms of Scotland, who had now captured King Edward's pay. This man left his rank with his spear in his hand, his Page riding behind him, and went towards the barriers of Noyon, where he alighted, saying, “ here hold my horse, and stir not from hence ;” and so he came to the barriers. There were there at that time Sir John de Roye, and Sir Lancelot de Loris with ten or twelve more, who all wondered what this Knight designed to do. He for his part being close at the barriers said unto them, “ Gentlemen, I am come hither to visit you, and because I see you will not come forth of your barriers to me, I will come in to you, if I may, and prove my Knighthood against you. Win me if you can.” And with that he leaped over the bars, and began to lay about him like a lion, he at them and they at him ; so that he alone fought thus against them all for near the space of an hour, and hurt several of them. And all the while those of the town beheld with much delight from the walls and their garret windows his great activity, strength and courage ; but they offered not to do him any hurt, as they might very easily have done, if they had been minded to cast stones or darts at

VII. 101

Followed, and soon the exulting cry of France
Along the lists was heard, as waved aloft.
The holy banner. Gladdendale beheld,
And hasting from his well-defended post,
Sped to the fiercer conflict. To the Maid
He strode, on her resolved to wreak his rage,
With her to end the war: Nor did not *JOAN*
Arce'd his purpose: lifting up her shield.
Prepar'd she stood, and pois'd her sparkling spear.
The English Chief came on; he raised his mace,

him: but the French Knights charged them to the contrary, saying "how they should let them alone to deal with him." When matters had continued thus about an hour, the Scotch Page came to the barriers with his master's horse in his hand, and said in his language, "Sir, pray come away, it is high time for you to leave off now: for the Army is marched off out of sight." The Knight heard his man, and then gave two or three terrible strokes about him to clear the way, and so, armed as he was, he leaped back again over the barriers and mounted his horse, having not received any hurt; and turning to the Frenchmen, said "Adieu Sirs! I thank you for my diversion." And with that he rode after his man upon the spur towards the Army.

Joshua Barnes.

VII. 102

With circling force, the iron weight † swung high
As Gladdisdale with his collected might
Drove the full blow. The man of lowly line

† Le massue est un bâton gros comme le bras, ayant à l' un de ses bouts une forte courroie pour tenir l'arme et l' empêcher de glisser, et à l' autre trois chaînons de fer, auxquels pend un boulet pesant huit livres. Il n' y a pas d' homme aujourd' hui capable de manier une telle arme.

Le Grand.

The arms of the Medici family "are romantically referred to Averardo de Medici, a commander under Charlemagne, who for his valour in destroying the gigantic plunderer Mugello, by whom the surrounding country was laid waste, was honoured with the privilege of bearing for his arms six *palle* or balls, as characteristic of the iron balls that hung from the mace of his fierce antagonist, the impresson of which remained on his shield.

Roscoe.

Scudery enumerates the mace among the instruments of war, in a passage whose concluding line may vie with any bathos of Sir Richard Blackmore.

La confusément frappent de toutes parts
Pierres, piques, espieux, masses, flèches et dards,
Lances et javelots, sabres et marteaux d'armes,
Dangereuses instruments des guerrieres alarmes.

Alaric.

VII. 103

That instant rush'd between, and rear'd his shield
And met the broken blow, and thrust his lance
Fierce thro' the gorget of the English Knight.
A gallant man, of no ignoble line,
Was Gladdisdale. His sires had lived in peace,
They heap'd the hospitable hearth, they spread
The feast, their vassals loved them, and afar
The traveller told their fame. In peace they died ;
For them the venerable fathers pour'd
A requiem when they slept, and o'er them rais'd
The sculptured monument. Now far away
Their offspring falls, the last of all his race,
Slain in a foreign land, and doom'd to share
The common grave.

Then terror seized the host
Their Chieftain dead. And lo ! where on the wall,
Bulwark'd of late by Gladdisdale so well,
The son of Orleans stood, and sway'd around
His falchion, keeping thus at bay the foe,
Till on the battlements his comrades sprang,

VII. 104

And rais'd the shout of conquest. Then appall'd
The English fled : nor fled they unpursued,
For mingling with the foremost fugitives,
The gallant Conrade rush'd ; and with the throng,
The Knights of France together o'er the bridge
Fast speeded. Nor the garrison within
Durst let the ponderous portcullis fall,
For in the entrance of the fort the fight
Raged fiercely, and together thro' the gate
The vanquish'd English and their eager foes
Pass'd in the flying conflict.

Well I deem

And wisely did that daring Spaniard act
At Vera-Cruz, when he his yet sound ships
Dismantling, left no spot where treacherous Fear
Might still with wild and wistful eye look back.
For knowing no retreat, his desperate troops
In conquest sought their safety. Victors hence
At Tlascala, and o'er the Cholulans,
And by Otompan, on that bloody field

VII. 105

When Mexico her patriot thousands pour'd;
Fierce in vain valour on their ruffian foes.
There was a portal to the English fort
That opened on the * wall; a speedier path
In the hour of safety, whence the charmed eye-
Might linger down the river's pleasant course.
Fierce in the gate-way rag'd the deadly war;

* Vitruvius observes, in treating upon fortified walls, that near the towers the wall should be cut within-side the breadth of the tower, and that the ways broke in this manner should only be joined and continued by beams laid upon the two extremities, without being made fast with iron; that in case the enemy should make himself master of any part of the wall, the besieged might remove this wooden bridge, and thereby prevent his passage to the other parts of the wall and into the towers.

Rollin.

The precaution recommended by Vitruvius had not been observed in the construction of the English walls. On each side of every tower, a small door opened upon the wall; and the garrison of one tower are represented in the poem as flying by this way from one to shelter themselves in the other. With the enterprising spirit and the defensive arms of chivalry, the subsequent events will not be found to exceed probability.

VII. 106

For there the Maiden strove, and Conrade there,
And he of lowly line, bravelier than whom
Fought not in that day's battle. Of success
Desperate, for from above, the garrison
Could wield no arms, so certain to bestow
Equal destruction, of the portal's aid
The foe bethought them : then with lesser force
Their weapons fell ; abandoned was the gate ;
And soon from Orleans the glad citizens
Beheld the hallowed banner on the tower
Triumphant. Swift along the lofty wall
The English haste to St. John's neighbouring fort,
Flying with fearful speed. Nor from pursuit
The victors ceased, but with the fugitives
Mingled and waged the war : the combatants,
Lock'd in the hostile grasp, together fall
Precipitate.

But foremost of the French,
Dealing destruction, Conrade rush'd along :
Heedless of danger, he to the near fort

VII. 107

Pass'd in the fight ; nor did not then the Chief
What most might serve bethink him : firm he stood
In the portal, and one moment looking back
Lifted his loud voice : thrice the warrior cried,
Then to the war address him, now assail'd
By numerous foes, who arrogant of power
Threatened his single valour. He the while
Stood firm, not vainly confident, or rash,
But of his own strength conscious, and the post
Friendly ; for narrow was the portal way
To one alone fit passage, from above
O'erbrow'd by no out-jutting * parapet,
Whence death might crush him. He in double mail
Was arm'd ; a massy burgonet, well tried

* The machicolation : a projection over the gate-way of a town or castle, contrived for letting fall great weights, scalding water &c. on the heads of any assailants who might have got close to the gate. " Machecollare, or machecoulare, says Coke, is to make a warlike device over a gate or other passage like to a grate, through which scalding water, or ponderous or offensive things may be cast upon the assaylants."

VII. 106

In many a hard-fought field, helming his head ;
A buckler broad, and fenced with iron plates,
Bulwark'd his breast. Nor to dislodge the Chief
Could the English pour their numbers, for the way
By upward steps presented from the fort
Narrow ascent, where one alone could meet
The war. Yet were they of their numbers proud,
Tho' useless numbers were in that strait path,
Save by assault unceasing to out-last
A single warrior, who at length must sink
Fatigued with conquering, by long victory
Vanquish'd.

There was amid the garrison
A fearless Knight who at Verneuil had fought
And high renown for his bold chivalry
Acquir'd in that day's conquest. To his fame
The thronging English yield the foremost place.
He his long javelin to transpierce the Frank
Thrust forceful : harmless in his shield it fix'd,
Advantaging the foe, for Conrade lifts

VII. 109

The battle-axe, and smote upon the lance
And * hurl'd its severed point with mighty arm
Fierce on the foe. With wary bend, the foe

* I have met with one instance in the English history, and only one, of throwing the spear after the manner of the ancients. It is in the chronicle of Howes. " 1442. The 30th of January, a challenge was done in Smithfield within lists, before the King; the one Sir Philip de Beawse of Arragon a Knight, and the other an Esquire of the King's house called John Ausley or Astley. These comming to the fiede, tooke their tents, and there was the Knight's Sonne made Knight by the King, and so brought again to his father's tent. Then the Heralds of Armes called them by name to doe their battell, and so they came both, all armed, with their weapons; the Knight came with his sword drawn, and the Esquire with his speare. The Esquire cast his speare against the Knight, but the Knight avoiding it with his sword cest it to the ground. Then the Esquire took his axe and went against the Knight suddenly, on whom he stroke many strokes, hard and sore upon his basenet, and on his hand, and made him loose and let fall his axe to the ground, and brast up his limbes three times, and caught his dagger and would have smitten him in the face, for to have shaine him in the field; and then the King cried hoo, and so they were departed and went to their tents, and the King dubbed John Astley Knight for his valiant Torney, and the Knight of Arragon offered his armes at Windsor."

VII. 110

Shrunk from the flying death ; yet not in vain
From that strong hand the fate-fraught weapon fled :
Full on the † corselet of a meaner man
It fell, and pierced, there where the heaving lungs,
With purer air distended, to the heart
Roll back their purged tide : from the deep wound
The red blood gush'd : prone on the steps he fell,
And in the strong convulsive grasp of death
Grasp'd his long pike. Of unrecorded name
Died the mean man ; yet did he leave behind
One who did never say her daily prayers,
Of him forgetful ; who to every tale
Of the distant war, lending an eager ear,
Grew pale and trembled. At her cottage door,
The wretched one shall sit, and with dim eye
Gaze o'er the plain, where on his parting steps
Her last look hung. Nor ever shall she know
Her husband dead, but tortur'd with vain hope.

† The corselet was chiefly worn by pikemen.

Gaze on—then heart-sick turn to her poor babe,
And weep it fatherless !

The enraged Knight
Drew his keen falchion, and with dauntless step
Moved to the closer conflict. Then the Frank
Held forth his buckler, and his battle axe
Uplifted. Where the buckler was below
Rounded, the falchion struck, but impotent
To pierce its plated folds ; more forceful driven,
Fierce on his crested helm, the Frenchman's stroke
Fell ; the helm shivered ; from his eyes the blood
Started ; with blood the chambers of the brain
Were fill'd ; his breast-plate with convulsive throes,
Heaved as he fell ; victorious, he the prize
At many a tournament had borne away
In the mimic war : happy, if so content
With bloodless glory, he had never left
The mansion of his sires.

But terrified
The English stood, nor durst adventure now

VII. 112

Near that death-doing man. Amid their host
Was one who well could from the stubborn bow
Shower his sharp shafts : well skill'd in wood-craft he,
Even as the merry Outlaws who their haunts
In Sherwood held, and bade their bugles rouse
The sleeping stag, ere on the web-woven grass
The dew-drops sparkled to the rising sun.
He safe in distance at the warrior aim'd
The feather'd dart ; with force he drew the bow ;
Loud on his bracer struck the sounding string :
And swift and strong the well-winged arrow fled.
Deep in his shield it hung ; then Conrade rais'd
Again his echoing voice, and call'd for aid,
Nor was the call unheard : the troops of France,
From St. Loup's captur'd fort along the wall
Haste to the portal ; cheering was the sound
Of their near footsteps to the Chief ; he drew
His falchion forth, and down the steps he rush'd.
Then terror seized the English, for their foes
Swarm'd thro' the open portal, and the sword

Of Conrade was among them. Not more fierce
 The injar'd Turnus swayed his angry arm,
 Slaughtering the robber fugitives of Troy ;
 Nor with more fury thro' the streets of Paris
 Rush'd he, the King of Sarza, Redomont
 Clad in his dragon mail.

Like some tall rock,
 Around whose billow-beaten foot the waves
 Waste their wild fury, stood the unshaken man ;
 Tho' round him prest his foemen, by Despair
 Hearten'd. He, mowing thro' the throng his path,
 Call'd on the troops of France, and bade them haste
 Where he should lead the way. A daring band .
 Followed the adventurous Chieftain : he moved on
 Unterrified, amid the arrowy shower,
 Tho' on his shield and helm the darts fell fast
 As the scar'd leaves that from the trembling tree
 The autumnal whirlwind shakes.

Nor Conrade paus'd,
 Still thro' the fierce fight urging on his way,

VII. 114

Till to the gate he came, and with strong hand
Seiz'd on the massy bolts. These as he drew,
Full on his helm the weighty English sword
Descended ; swift he turn'd to wreak his wrath,
When lo ! the assailant gasping on the ground,
Cleft by the Maiden's falchion : she herself
To the foe opposing with that lowly man,
For they alone following the adventurous steps
Of Conrade, still had equall'd his bold course,
Shielded him as with eager hand he drew
The bolts : the gate turn'd slow : forth leapt the Chief
And shivered with his battle-axe the chains
That hung on high the bridge. The impetuous troops,
By Gaucour led, rush'd o'er to victory.

The banner'd lillies on the captur'd wall
Tossed to the wind. " On to the neighbouring fort !"
Cried Conrade, " Xaintrailles ! ere the night draws on
" Once more to conquest lead the troops of France !
" Foree ye the lists, and fill the deep-dug moat,

VII. 115

"And with the ram, shake down their batter'd walls,
"Anon I shall be with you." Thus he said ;
Then to the Damsel. "Maid of Arc ! awhile
"Cease we from battle, and by short repose
"Renew our strength." So saying he his helm
Unlaced, and in the Loire's near-flowing stream
Cool'd his hot face. The Maid her head unhelm'd,
And stooping to the stream, reflected there
Saw her white plumage stain'd with human blood !
Shuddering she saw, but soon her steady soul
Collected : on the banks she laid her down,
Freely awhile respiring, for her breath
Quick panted from the fight : silent they lay,
For gratefully the cooling breezes bathed
Their throbbing temples.

It was now the noon :

The sun-beams on the gently-waving stream
Danced sparkling. Lost in thought the warrior lay,
And softening sadly his stern face, exclaim'd,
"Maiden of Arc ! at such an hour as this, .

VII. 116

" Beneath the o'er-arching forest's checquer'd shade,
" With that lost woman have I wandered on,
" Talking of years of happiness to come !
" Oh hours for ever fled ! delightful dreams
" Of the unsuspecting heart ! I do believe
" If Agnes on a worthier one had fix'd
" Her love, that tho' mine aching heart had nurst
" Its sorrows, I had never on her choice
" Pour'd one upbraiding—but to stoop to him !
" A harlot !—an adulteress !"

In his eye

Red anger flash'd ; anon of what she was
Ere yet the foul pollution of the Court
Stain'd her fair fame, he thought. " Oh happy age !"
He cried, " when all the family of man
" Freely enjoyed their goodly heritage,
" And only bow'd the knee in prayer to God !
" Calm flow'd the unruffled stream of years along,
" Till o'er the peaceful rustic's head, grew grey
" The hairs in full of time. Then he would sit

VII. 117

- " Beneath the coetaneous oak, whilst round,
" Sons, grandsons and their offspring join'd to form
" The blameless merriment ; and learnt of him
" What time to yoke the oxen to the plough,
" What hollow moanings of the western wind
" Foretell the storm, and in what lurid clouds
" The embryo lightning lies. Well pleas'd, he taught,
" The heart-smile glowing on his aged cheek,
" Mild as the summer's sun's decaying light.
" Thus quietly the stream of life flow'd on
" Till in the shoreless ocean lost at length.
" Around the bed of death his numerous race
" Listen'd, in no unprofitable grief.
" His last advice, and caught his latest sigh :
" And when he died, as he had fallen asleep,
" Beneath the aged tree that grew with him .
" They delved the narrow house : there oft at eve
" Drew round their children of the after days,
" And pointing to the turf, told how he lived,
" And taught by his example how to die.

VII. 118

" Maiden ! and such the evening of my days
 " Fondly I hoped ; and * would that I had lived
 " In those old times, or till some better years
 " Slumber'd unborn ; for this is a hard race,
 " An evil generation ! nor by day
 " Nor in the night have respite from their cares
 " And wretchedness. But I shall be at rest
 " Soon, in that better world of Peace and Love
 " Where evil is not : in that better world
 " *JOAN* ! we shall meet, and he too will be there,
 " Thy Theodore."

Sooth'd by his words, the Maid
 Had listened sadly, till at that loved name
 She wept. " Nay, Maid !" he cried, " I did not think

* Μηκετ' επειτ' ωφειλον εγω πεμπτοισι μετειναι
 Ανδρασιν, αλλ' η προσθε θανειν η επειτα γενεσθαι.
 Νυν γαρ δη γενοσ εστι σιδηρεον' εδεποτ' ημαρ
 Παυσονται καματος και οϊζυος, εδε τι νυκτωρ,
 Φθιειρομενοι.

ΗΣΙΟΔΟΣ.

VII. 119

" To wake a tear ; but pleasant is thy grief !
" Thou knowest not what it is, round thy warm heart
" To have a false one wreath in viper folds.
" But to the battle ! in the clang of arms,
" We win forgetfulness.

Then from the bank

He sprung, and helm'd his head. The Maid arose,
Bidding awhile adieu to milder thoughts.
On to the fort they speed, whose name recall'd
England's proud capital to the English host,
Now half subdued, anticipating death,
And vainly wishing they from her white cliffs
Had never spread the sail. Cold terror creeps
Thro' every vein : already they turn back
Their eager eyes to meditate the flight,
Tho' Talbot there presided, with their Chief,
The gallant Salisbury.

" Soldiers fam'd in arms !"

Thus, in vain hope to renovate the strength
Of England, spake the Chief, " Victorious friends,

VII. 120

“ So oft victorious in the hard-fought fight,
“ What—shrink ye now dismay'd ? have ye forgot
“ The plains of Azincour, when vanquish'd France
“ Fled with her thousands from your father's arms,
“ Tho' worn with sickness ? or your own exploits,
“ When on Verneuil, the flower of chivalry
“ Fell by your daring prowess ? when the Scot
“ Bit the red earth in death, and Narbonne died,
“ And the young boaster this Alencon felt
“ The weight of English fetters ? then we broke
“ The plated shield, and cleft the warrior's helm,
“ For ever victors. On Baugenci's wall
“ Ye placed the English flag ; beneath your force
“ Fell Jenville and Gergeau, the neighbouring towns
“ Of well-nigh captur'd Orleans. I omit
“ To speak of Caen subdued, and vanquish'd Roan,
“ And that late day when Clermont fled the fight,
“ And the young Bastard of that prison'd Duke.
“ Shame ! shame ! that beaten Boy is here in arms,
“ And ye will fly before the fugitives ;

VII. 121

"Fly from a woman ! from a frenzied girl !
"That with her empty mummeries, would blast
"Your courage ; or if miracles she brings,
"Aid of the Devil ! who is there among you
"False to his country—to his former fame—
"To me—your leader in the frequent field,
"The field of glory ?"

From the heartless host

A timid shout arose ; then Talbot's cheek
Grew red with indignation. "Earl !" he cried,
Addressing him the Chief : "there is no hope
"From these white-liver'd dastards ; and this fort
"Will fall an easy conquest : it were well
"To reach the Tournelles, better fortified,
"Fit to endure long siege : the hope in view
"To reach a safer fortress, these our troops
"Shall better dare the battle."

So he spake,

Wisely advising. Him the Chief replied :

"Well hast thou said : and, Talbot, if our swords

" Could thro' the thickest ranks this Sorceress reach,
 " The hopes of France were blasted. I have strove
 " In many a field, yet never to a foe
 " Stoop'd my proud crest : nor difficult to meet
 " This wizard girl, for from the battlements,
 " Her have I mark'd the foremost in attack,
 " Playing right valiantly the soldier's part ;
 " Yet shall not all her witcheries avail
 " To blunt my good sword's edge."

Thus communed they,

And thro' the host the gladdening tidings ran,
 That they should seek the Tournelles. Then their hearts
 Gathered new strength, placing on those strong walls
 Dependence ; empty hope ! nor the strong wall,
 Nor the deep moat can save, if Fear within
 Palsy the soldier's arm.

Them issuing forth,

As from the river's banks they past along,
 The Maid beheld ! " Lo ! Conrade !" she exclaim'd,
 " The foes advance to meet us—look ! they lower

VII. 123

"The bridge—and now they rush upon the troops :

"A gallant onset ! Dost thou mark that man

"Who all the day has by our side endur'd

"The hottest conflict ? I did then behold

"His force, and wonder : now his deeds of death

"Make all the actions of the former fight

"Seem as of no account : know'st thou the man ?

"There is not one amid the host of France,

"Of fairer promise."

"He," the Chief replied,

"Wretched and prodigal of life atchieves

"The exploits of Despair : a gallant youth

"Widowed like me of Hope, and but for whom,

"I had been seen among mankind no more.

"Maiden ! with me thy comrade in the war,

"His arm is vowed to Heaven. Lo ! where he stands

"Bearing the battle's brunt in unmoved strength,

"Firm as the mountain round whose misty head,

"The unharmed tempest breaks !"

Nor paus'd they now

VII. 124

In farther converse, to the perilous fray
Speeding, not unobserved ; them Salisbury saw
And call'd on Talbot. Six, the bravest Knights
And vow'd with them against the Virgin's life,
Beat their fierce course. She by that unknown man
Now urged the war, when on her plumed helm
The hostile falchion fell. On high she lifts
Her hallowed sword, the tenant of the tomb,
And drench'd it in his bosom. On the front
Of one, his comrade, fell the battle axe
Of him the dark-brow'd Chief ; the ponderous blow
Shattered his brain. With Talbot's giant force
The daring Herald urged unequal fight ;
For like some oak that firm with deep-fix'd roots
Mocks at the storm, the undaunted Earl endur'd
His rude assault. Warding with wary eye
The angry sword, the Frank around his foe
Wheels rapid, flashing his keen weapon fast ;
Now as he marks the Earl's descending stroke
Bending, anon more fierce in swift attack.

VII. 125

Ill-fated man ! one deed of glory more
Shall with the short-lived lightning's splendor grace
This thy death-day ; for SLAUGHTER even now
Stands o'er the loom of life, and lifts his sword.

Upon her shield the martial Maiden bore
An English warrior's blow, and in his side
Pierced him : that instant Salisbury speeds his sword
That glancing from her helm fell on the folds
That arm'd her neck, and making there its way,
Stain'd with her blood its edge. The Herald saw,
He saw her red blood gushing from the wound,
And turn'd from Talbot heedless of himself,
And lifting up his falchion, all his force
Concenter'd. On the breast of Salisbury
It fell, and pierced his mail, and thro' the plate
Beneath drove fierce, and in his heart's-blood plunged.
Lo ! as he struck the strength of Talbot came :
Full on his treacherous helm he smote : it burst,
And the stern Earl against his fenceless head

VII. 126

Drives with strong arm the murderous sword. She saw
Nor could the maiden save her Theodore.

Conrade beheld, and from his vanquish'd foe
Strode terrible in vengeance. Front to front
They stood, and each for the death-blow prepar'd
His angry might. At once their weapons fell,
The Frank's huge battle-axe, and the keen sword
Of Talbot. He, stunn'd by the weighty blow,
Sunk senseless ; by his followers from the field
Conveyed with fearful speed : nor did his stroke
Fall vainly on the Frenchman's crested helm,
Tho' weak to wound, for from his eyes the fire
Sparkled, and back recoiling with the blow,
He in the Maiden's arms astounded fell.

But now their troops all captainless confus'd,
Fear seized the English. Not with more dismay
When over wild Caffraria's wooded hills,
Echoes the lion's roar, the timid herd

VII. 127

Fly the death-boding sound. The forts they seek,
Now reckless which, so from that battle's rage
A present refuge. On their flying ranks
The victors press, and mark their course with blood.

But loud the trumpet of retreat resounds,
For now the westering sun with many a hue
Streak'd the gay clouds.

“Dunois!” the Maiden cried,
“Form we around yon stronger pile the siege,
“There for the night encamping.” So she said.
The Chief to Orleans for their needful food,
And enginery to batter that huge pile,
Dismiss'd a troop, and round the Tournelles led
The host beleaguering. There they pitch their tents,
And plant their engines for the morrow's war,
Then to their meal, and o'er the chearful bowl,
Recount the tale of danger ; soon to rest
Betaking them, for now the night drew on.

The Eighth Book.



*Transactions of the night. Attack of the Tournelles.
The garrison retreat to the tower on the bridge.
Their total defeat there.*

1

JOAN of ARC.

THE EIGHTH BOOK.

Now was the noon of night ; and all was still,
Save where the centinel paced on his rounds
Humming a broken song. Along the camp
High flames the frequent fire. The warrior Franks,
On the hard earth extended, rest their limbs
Fatigued, their spears lay by them, and the shield
Pillowed * the helmed head : secure they slept,

* Il n'est rien de si doux, pour des cœurs pleins de gloire,
Que la paisible nuit qui suit une victoire.
Dormir sur un Trophée, est un charmant repos,
Et le champ de bataille est le lit d'un héros.

Scudery. Alaris.

The night after a battle is certainly more agreeable than the night before one. A soldier may use his shield for a pillow, but he must be very ingenious to sleep upon a Trophy.

VIII. 134

And busy Fancy in her dream renewed
The fight of yesterday.

But not to *JOAN*,
But not to her, most wretched, came thy aid,
Soother of sorrows, Sleep ! no more her pulse,
Amid the battle's tumult throbbing fast,
Allow'd no pause for thought. With clasped hands
And fixed eye she sat, the while around
The Spectres of the Days departed rose,
A melancholy train ! upon the gale
The raven's croak was heard ; she started up,
And passing thro' the camp with hasty step
Strode to the field of blood.

The night was calm ;
Fair as was ever on Chaldea's plain
When the pale moon-beams o'er the silvery scene
Shone cloudless, whilst the watchful shepherd's eye
Survey'd the host of heaven, and mark'd them rise
Successive, and successively decay,
Lost in the stream of light, as lesser springs

VIII. 135

Amid Euphrates' current. The high wall
Cast a deep shadow, and her faltering feet
Stumbled o'er broken arms and carcasses ;
And sometimes did she hear the heavy groan
Of one yet struggling in the pangs of death.
She reach'd the spot where Theodore had fall'n,
Before fort London's gate ; but vainly there
Sought she the youth, on every clay-cold face
Gazing * with such a look as tho' she fear'd
The thing she sought. Amazement seiz'd the Maid,
For there the victim of his vengeful arm,
Known by the buckler's blazon'd heraldry,
Salisbury lay dead. So as the Virgin stood
Gazing around the plain, she mark'd a man
Pass slowly on, as burthened. Him to aid
She sped, and soon with unencumber'd speed
Overtaking, thus bespake : " Stranger ! this weight

* With a dumb silence seeming that it fears
The thing it went about to effectuate.

Daniel.

VIII. 136

" Impedes thy progress. Dost thou bear away
" Some slaughter'd friend ? or lives the sufferer
" With many a sore wound gash'd ? oh ! if he lives,
" I will with earnest prayer petition Heaven
" To shed its healing on him !"

So she said,
And as she spake stretched forth her careful hands
To ease the burthen. " Warrior !" he replied,
" Thanks for thy proffered succour : but this man
" Lives not, and I with unassisted arm
" Can bear him to the sepulchre. Farewell !
" The night is far advanced ; thou to the camp
" Return : it fits not darkling thus to stray."

" Conrade !" the Maid exclaim'd, for well she knew
His voice :—with that she fell upon his neck
And cried, " my Theodore ! but wherefore thus
" Thro' the dead midnight dost thou bear his corse ?"

" Peace, Maiden !" Conrade cried, " collect thy soul !

VIII. 137

" He is but gone before thee to that world
" Whither thou soon must follow ! in the morn,
" Ere yet from Orleans to the war we went,
" He pour'd his tale of sorrow on mine ear.
" Lo Conrade where she moves—beloved Maid !
" Devoted for the realm of France she goes
" Abandoning for this the joys of life,
" Yea—life itself !" yet on my heart her words
" Vibrate. If she must perish in the war,
" I will not live to bear the dreadful thought,
" Haply my arm had saved her. I shall go
" Her unknown guardian. Conrade, if I fall,
" And trust me I have little love of life,
" Bear me in secret from the gory field,
" Lest haply I might meet her wandering eye
" A mangled corse. She must not know my fate.
" Do this last act of friendship—in the flood
" Whelm me : so shall she think of Theodore
" Unanguish'd." Maiden, I did vow with him
" That I would dare the battle by thy side,

VIII. 138

“ And shield thee in the war. Thee of his death
“ I hoped unknowing.”

As the warrior spake,
He on the earth the clay-cold carcass laid.
With fixed eye the wretched Maiden gazed
The life-left tenement : his batter'd arms
Were with the night-dews damp ; his brown hair clung
Gore-clotted in the wound, and one loose lock
Played o'er his cheeks black * paleness. “ Gallant youth !
She cried, “ I would to God the hour were come
“ When I might meet thee in the bowers of bliss !
“ No Theodore ! the sport of winds and waves,
“ Thy body shall not roll adown the stream,
“ The sea-wolf's banquet. Conrade, bear with me
“ The corse to Orleans, there in hallowed ground
“ To rest ; the Priest shall say the sacred prayer,
“ And hymn the requiem to his parted soul.
“ So shall not Elinor in bitterness

* “ *Noire pailleur.*”

VIII. 139

* Lament that no dear friend to her dead child

" Paid the last office."

From the earth they lift

The mournful burden, and along the plain

Pass with slow footsteps to the city gate.

The obedient centinel at Conrade's voice

Admits the midnight travellers; on they pass,

Till in the neighbouring Abbey's porch arrived

They rest the lifeless load.

Loud rings the bell;

The awakened porter turns the heavy door.

To him the Virgin : " Father, from the slain

" On yonder reeking field a dear-loved friend

" I bring to holy sepulture : chaunt ye

" The requiem to his soul : to morrow eve

" Will I return, and in the narrow house

" Behold him laid to rest." The father knew

The mission'd Maid, and humbly bow'd assent,

Now from the city, o'er the shadowy plain,

VIII. 140

Backward they bend their way. From silent thoughts
The Maid awakening cried, " there was a time,
" When thinking on my closing hour of life,
" Tho' with resolved mind, some natural fears
" Shook the weak frame ; now that the happy hour,
" When my emancipated soul shall burst
" The cumberous fetters of mortality,
" Wishful I contemplate. Conrade ! my friend,
" My wounded heart would feel another pang
" Should'st thou forsake me !"

" *JOAN!*" the Chief replied,

" Along the weary pilgrimage of life
" Together will we journey, and beguile
" The dreary road, telling with what gay hopes
" We in the morning eyed the pleasant fields
" Vision'd before ; then wish that we had reach'd
" The bower of rest !"

Thus communing they gain'd
The camp, yet hush'd in sleep ; there separating,
Each in the post allotted, restless waits

VIII. 141

The day-break.

Morning came : dim thro' the shade

The first rays glimmer ; soon the brightening clouds

Drink the rich beam, and o'er the landscape spread

The dewy light. The soldiers from the earth.

Leap up invigorate, and each his food

Receives, impatient to renew the war.

Dunois his javelin to the Tournelles points,

" Soldiers of France ! your English foes are there !"

As when a band of hunters, round the den

Of some wood-monster, point their spears, elate

In hope of conquest and the future feast ;

When on the hospitable board their spoil

Shall smook, and they, as the rich bowl goes round,

Tell to their guests their exploits in the chase ;

They with their shouts of exultation make

The forest ring ; so elevate of heart,

With such loud clamours for the fierce assault

The French prepare ; nor, guarding now the lists

Durst the disheartened English man to man

VIII. 142

Meet the close conflict. From the * barbican,
Or from the embattled † wall they their yeugh bows

* Next the bayle was the ditch, foss, graff, or mote : generally where it could be a wet one, and pretty deep. The passage over it was by a draw-bridge, covered by an advance work called a barbican. The barbican was sometimes beyond the ditch that covered the draw-bridge, and in towns and large fortresses had frequently a ditch and draw-bridge of its own.

Grose.

† The outermost walls enclosing towns or fortresses were commonly perpendicular, or had a very small external talus. They were flanked by semi-circular, polygonal, or square towers, commonly about forty or fifty yards distant from each other. Within were steps to mount the terre-pleine of the walls or rampart, which were always defended by an embattled or crenellated parapet.

Grose.

The fortifications of the middle-ages differed in this respect from those of the ancients. When the besiegers had gained the summit of the wall the descent on the other side was safe and easy. But “ the ancients did not generally support their walls on the inside with earth, in the manner of the talus or slope, which made the attacks more dangerous. For though the enemy had gained some footing upon them, he could not assure himself of taking the city. It was necessary to get

VIII. 143.

Bent forceful, and their death-fraught enginery
 Discharged ; nor did the Gallic archers cease
 With well-directed shafts their loftier foci
 To assail : behind the guardian * pavais fenced,
 They at the battlements their arrows aim'd,
 Showering an iron storm, whilst o'er the bayle,
 The bayle now levell'd by victorious France,
 Pass'd the bold troops with all their † mangonels ;

down, and to make use of some of the ladders by which he had mounted ; and that descent exposed the soldier to very great danger."

Rollin.

* The pavais, or pavache, was a large shield, or rather a portable mantlet, capable of covering a man from head to foot, and probably of sufficient thickness to resist the missive weapons then in use. These were in sieges carried by servants, whose business it was to cover their masters with them, whilst they, with their bows and arrows, shot at the enemy on the ramparts. As this must have been a service of danger, it was that perhaps which made the office of Scutifer honourable. The pavais was rectangular at the bottom, but rounded off above : it was sometimes supported by props.

Gross.

† Mangonels is a term comprehending all the smaller engines.

VIII. 144

Or ‡ tortoises, beneath whose roofing safe,

‡ The tortoise was a machine composed of very strong and solid timber work. The height of it to its highest beam, which sustained the roof, was twelve feet. The base was square, and each of its fronts twenty five feet. It was covered with a kind of quilted mattress made of raw hides, and prepared with different drugs to prevent its being set on fire by combustibles. This heavy machine was supported upon four wheels, or perhaps upon eight. It was called tortoise from its serving as a very strong covering and defence against the enormous weights thrown down on it; those under it being safe in the same manner as a tortoise under his shell. It was used both to fill up the fosse, and for sapping. It may not be improper to add, that it is believed, so enormous a weight could not be moved from place to place on wheels, and that it was pushed forward on rollers. Under these wheels or rollers, the way was laid with strong planks to facilitate its motion, and prevent its sinking into the ground, from whence it would have been very difficult to have removed it. The ancients have observed that the roof had a thicker covering, of hides, hurdles, sea-weed, &c. than the sides, as it was exposed to much greater shocks from the weights thrown upon it by the besieged. It had a door in front, which was drawn up by a chain as far as was necessary, and covered the soldiers at work in filling up the fosse with fascines.

Rollin.

This is the tortoise of the ancients, but that of the middle ages differed from it in nothing material.

VIII. 145

They, filling the deep moat, might for the towers
Make fit foundation, or their petrarics,
War-wolfs, and beugles, and that murderous sling
The matafunda, whence the ponderous stone
Fled fierce, and made one wound of whom it struck,
Shattering the frame so that no pious hand
Gathering his mangled limbs might him convey
To where his fathers slept : * a dreadful train
Prepared by Salisbury over the sieged town
To hurl his ruin ; but that dreadful train

* " The besiegers having carried the bayle, brought up their machines and established themselves in the counter-scarp, began under cover of their cats, sows, or tortoises, to drain the ditch, if a wet one, and also to fill it up with hurdles and fascines, and level it for the passage of their moveable towers. Whilst this was doing, the archers, attended by young men carrying shields, (pavoises) attempted with their arrows to drive the besieged from the towers and ramparts, being themselves covered by these portable mantlets. The garrison on their part essayed by the discharge of machines, cross and long bows, to keep the enemy at a distance.

Grose.

VIII. 146

Must hurl their ruin on the invaders heads,
Such retribution righteous Heaven decreed.

Nor lie the English trembling, for the fort
Was ably garrison'd. Glacidas, the Chief,
A gallant man, sped on from place to place
Cheering the brave ; or if the archer's hand,
Palsied with fear, shot wide the ill aim'd shaft,
Threatening the coward who betrayed himself,
He drove him from the ramparts. In his hand
The Chief a † cross-bow held ; an engine dread

† The cross-bow was for some time laid aside in obedience to a decree of the second Lateran Council held in 1139. "*Artem illam mortiferam et Deo odibilem ballistariorum adversus Christianos & Catholicos exercere de cætero sub anathemate prohibemus.*" This weapon was again introduced into our armies by Richard I. who being slain with a Quarrel shot from one of them, at the siege of the Castle of Chaluz in Normandy, it was considered as a judgment from Heaven inflicted upon him for his impiety. Guillaume le Breton relating the death of this King, puts the following into the mouth of Atropos :

VIII. 147

Of such wide-wasting fury, that of yore
 The assembled fathers of the Christian church
 Pronounced that man accurs'd whose impious hand
 Should point the murderous weapon. Such decrees
 Befits the men of God to promulgate,
 And with a warning voice, tho' haply vain,
 To cry aloud and spare not, woe to them
 Whose hands are full of blood !

An English King,

The lion-hearted Richard, their decree
 First broke, and heavenly retribution doom'd
 His fall by the keen quarrel ; since that day
 Frequent in fields of battle, and from far
 To many a good Knight, bearing his death wound
 From hands unknown. With such an instrument,
 Arm'd on the ramparts, Glacidas his eye

Hæc volo, non aliâ Richardum morte perire
 Ut qui Francigenis ballistæ primitus usum
 Tradidit, ipse, sui rem primitus experiatur,
 Quemque alios docuit in se vim sentiat artis.

Grose.

VIII. 148

Cast on the assailing host. A keener glance
Darts not the hawk when from the feather'd tribe
He marks his victim.

On a Frank he fix'd
His gaze, who kneeling by the * trebuchet,
Charged its long sling with death. Him Glacidas
Secure behind the battlements, beheld,
And strung his bow ; then, bending on one knee,
He in the groove the feather'd † quarrel placed
And levelling with firm eye, the death-wound mark'd.
The bow-string twang'd, on its swift way the dart

* From the trebuchet they discharged many stones at once by a sling. It acted by means of a great weight fastened to the short arm of a lever, which being let fall, raised the end of the long arm with a great velocity. A man is represented kneeling to load one of these in an ivory carving, supposed to be of the age of Edward II.

Grose.

† Quarrels, or carreaux, were so called from their heads, which were square pyramids of iron.

VIII. 149

Whizzed fierce, and struck, there where the helmet's clasps
Defend the neck ; a weak protection now,
For thro' the tube that the pure air inhales
Pierced the keen shaft ; blood down the unwonted way
Gush'd to the lungs : prone fell the dying man
Grasping, convuls'd, the earth : a hollow groan
In his throat struggled, and the dews of death
Stood on his livid cheek. The days of youth
He had pass'd peaceful, and had known what joys
Domestic love bestows, the father once
Of two fair infants ; in the city hemm'd
During the hard siege ; he had seen their cheeks
Grow pale with famine, and had heard their cries
For bread ! his wife, a broken-hearted one
Sunk to the cold grave's quiet, and her babes
With hunger pined, and followed ; he survived,
A miserable man, and heard the shouts
Of joy in Orleans, when the Maid approach'd
As o'er the corse of his last little one
He heap'd the unhallowed earth. To him the foe

VIII. 150

Perform'd a friendly part, hastening the hour
Grief else had soon brought on.

The English Chief,

Pointing again his arbalist, let loose
The string ; the quarrel, driven by that strong blow,
True to its aim, fled fatal : one it struck
Dragging a tortoise to the moat, and fix'd
Deep in his liver ; blood and mingled gall
Flow'd from the wound ; and writhing with keen pangs,
Headlong he fell ; he for the wintry hour
Knew many a merry ballad and quaint tale,
A man in his small circle well-beloved.
None better knew with prudent hand to guide
The vine's young tendrils, or at vintage time
To press the full-swoln clusters ; he, heart-glad,
Taught his young boys the little all he knew,
Enough for happiness. The English host
Laid waste his fertile fields : he, to the war,
By want compell'd, adventur'd, in his gore
Now weltering.

VIII. 151

Nor the Gallic host remit
Their eager efforts ; some, * the watery fence,
Beneath the tortoise roof'd, with engines apt
Drain painful ; part, laden with wood, throw there
Their buoyant burdens, labouring so to gain
Firm footing : some the mangel supply,
Or charging with huge stones the murderous † aling,
Or petrary, or in the espringal
Fix the brass-winged ‡ arrows. Hoarse around
Rose the confused din of multitudes.

* The tortoises &c. and moveable towers having reached the walls, the besiegers under them either began to mine, or batter them with the ram. They also established batteries of balistas and mangonels on the counterscarp. These were opposed by those of the enemy.

† The Matafunda.

‡ The Espringal threw large darts called Muchettæ, sometimes winged with brass instead of feathers. Procopius says that because feathers could not be put to the large darts discharged from the balista, the ancients used pieces of wood six inches thick, which had the same effect.

VIII. 152

Fearless along the ramparts Gargrave moved,
 Cheering the English troops. The bow he bore ;
 The quiver rattled as he moved along.
 He knew aright to aim the feather'd shafts,
 Well-skill'd to pierce the mottled roebuck's side,
 O'ertaken in his flight. Him passing on,
 From some huge * martinet, a ponderous stone

* Le lendemain vindrent deux maistres engingneurs au Duc de Normandie, qui dirent que, si on leur vouloit livrer boys et ouvriers, ilz feroient quatre eschauffaulx et haults que on meneroit aux murs du chastel, et seroient si haults q'lz surmonteroient les murs. Le Duc commanda qlz les feissent, et fist prendre tous les charpentiers du pays, et payer largement. Si furent faitz ces quatre eschauffaulx en quatre grosses nefz, mais on y mist longuement et cousterent grans deniers. Si y fist on les gens entrer q' a ceulx du chastel devoient combattre. Quant ilz eurent passe la moitie de la riviere, ceulx du chastel desclinquerent quatre martinetz qlz avoient faitz nouvellement pour remedier contre lesditz eschauffaulx. Ces quatre martinetz gettoient si grosses pierres et si souvent sur ces eschauffaulx qlz furent bien tost froissez tant que les gensdarmes et ceulx que les conduisoient ne se peurent dedans garantir. Si se retirerent arriere le plus tost quilz peurent. Et ainçois qlz fussent outre la riviere lung des eschauffaulx fut enfondre au fons de leau.

Froissart. I. fucillet 82.

Crush'd : on his breast-plate falling, the vast force,
 Shattered the bone, and with his mangled lungs
 The fragments mingled. On the sunny brow
 Of a fair hill, wood-circled, stood his home,
 A pleasant dwelling, whence the ample ken
 Gazed o'er subjected distance, and surveyed
 Streams, hills, and forests, fair variety !
 The traveller knew its hospitable towers,
 For open were the gates, and blazed for all
 The friendly fire. By glory lur'd, the youth
 Went forth ; and he had bathed his falchion's edge
 In many a Frenchman's gore ; now crush'd beneath
 The ponderous fragments force, his mangled limbs
 Lie quivering.

Lo ! towards the levelled moat,
 A * moving tower the men of Orleans wheel

* The following extract from the History of Edward III. by Joshua Barnes will convey a full idea of these moving towers.
 " Now the Earl of Darby had layn before Reule more than nine weeks, in which time he had made two vast Belfroys or

VIII. 154

Four stages elevate. Above was hung,
Equalling the walls, a bridge; in the lower stage
The ponderous battering-ram: a troop within
Of † archers, thro' the opening, shot their shafts.

Bastilles of massy timber, with three stages or floors; each of the belfroys running on four huge wheels, bound about with thick hoops of iron; and the sides and other parts that any ways respected the town were covered with raw hides, thick laid, to defend the engines from fire and shot. In every one of these stages were placed an hundred archers, and between the two Bastilles, there were two hundred men with pick-axes and mattocks. From these six stages six hundred archers shot so fiercely all together, that no man could appear at his defence without a sufficient punishment: so that the Belfreys being brought upon wheels by the strength of men over a part of the ditch, which was purposely made plain and level by the faggots and earth and stones cast upon them, the two hundred pioneers plyed their work so well under the protection of these engines, that they made a considerable breach through the walls of the town.

† The archers and cross-bowmen from the upper stories in the moveable towers essayed to drive away the garrison from the parapets, and on a proper opportunity to let fall a bridge, by that means to enter the town. In the bottom story was often a large ram.

Gross.

VIII. 155

In the loftiest part was Conrade, so prepar'd
To mount the rampart ; for he loath'd the chase,
And loved to see the dappled foresters
Browze fearless on their lair, with friendly eye,
And happy in beholding happiness,
Not meditating death : the bowman's art
Therefore he little knew, nor was he wont
To aim the arrow at the distant foe.
But uprear in close conflict, front to front,
His death-red battle-axe, and break the shield,
First in the war of men. There too the Maid
Awaits, impatient on the wall to wield
Her falchion. Onward moves the heavy tower,
Slow o'er the moat and steady, tho' the foe
Showered there their javelins, aim'd their engines there,
And from the arbalist the fire-tipt * dart

* Against the moveable tower there were many modes of defence. The chief was to break up the ground over which it was to pass, or by undermining it to overthrow it. Attempts were likewise made to set it on fire, to prevent which it was covered with raw hides, or coated over with alum.

VIII. 156

Shot lightening thro' the sky. In vain it flamed,
For well with many a reeking hide secured,
Pass'd on the dreadful pile, and now it reached
The wall. Below, with forceful impulse driven,
The iron-horned engine swings its stroke,
Then back recoils, whilst they within who guide,
In backward step collecting all their strength,
Anon the massy beam with stronger arm
Drive full and fierce ; so rolls the swelling sea
Its curly billows to the unmoved foot
Of some huge promontory, whose broad base
Breaks the rough wave ; the shiver'd surge rolls back,
Till, by the coming billow borne, it bursts
Again, and foams with ceaseless violence.
The Wanderer, on the sunny clift outstretch'd,
Harks to the roaring surges, as they rock
His weary senses to forgetfulness.

But nearer danger threatens the invaders now,
For on the ramparts, lowered from above

VIII. 157

The bridge * reclines. An universal shout

* These bridges are described by Rollin in the account of the moving towers which he gives from Vegetius. "The moving towers are made of an assemblage of beams and strong planks, not unlike a house. To secure them against the fires thrown by the besieged, they are covered with raw hides, or with pieces of cloth made of hair. Their height is in proportion to their base. They are sometimes thirty feet square, and sometimes forty or fifty. They are higher than the walls or even towers of the city. They are supported upon several wheels according to mechanic principles, by the means of which the machine is easily made to move, how great soever it may be. The town is in great danger if this tower can approach the walls ; for it has stairs from one story to another, and includes different methods of attack. At bottom it has a ram to batter the wall, and on the middle story a drawbridge, made of two beams with rails of basket-work, which lets down easily upon the wall of a city, when within the reach of it. The besiegers pass upon this bridge, to make themselves masters of the wall. Upon the higher stories are soldiers armed with partisans and missive weapons, who keep a perpetual discharge upon the works. When affairs are in this posture, a place seldom held out long. For what can they hope who have nothing to confide in but the height of their ramparts, when they see others suddenly appear which command them ?

The Towers or Belfreys of modern times rarely exceeded three or four stages or stories.

VIII. 138

Rose from the hostile hosts. The exultant Franks
Clamour their loud rejoicing, whilst the foe
Lift up the warning voice, and call aloud
For speedy succour there, with deafening shout
Cheering their comrades. Not with louder din
The mountain torrent flings precipitate
Its bulk of waters, tho' amid the fall
Shattered, and dashing silvery from the rock.

Lo ! on the bridge he stands, the undaunted man
Conrade ! the gathered foes along the wall
Throng opposite, and on him point their pikes,
Cresting with armed men the battlements.
He, undismayed tho' on that perilous height,
Stood firm, and hurl'd his javelin ; the keen point
Pierced thro' the destined victim, where his arm
Join'd the broad breast : a wound that skilful care
Haply had heal'd ; but, him disabled now
For farther service, the unpitying throng
Of his tumultuous comrades from the wall

VIII. 159

Thrust headlong. Nor did Conrade cease to hurl
His deadly javelins fast, for well within
The tower was stor'd with weapons, to the Chief
Quickly supplied : nor did the mission'd Maid
Rest idle from the combat ; she, secure
Aim'd the keen quarrel, taught the cross-bow's use
By the willing mind that what it well desires
Gains aptly : nor amid the numerous throng,
Tho' haply erring from their destin'd mark,
Sped her sharp arrows frustrate. From the tower
Ceaseless the bow-strings twang : the Knights below,
Each by his pavais bulwark'd, thither aim'd
Their darts, and not a dart fell woundless there,
So thickly throng'd they stood, and fell as fast
As when the Monarch of the East goes forth
From Gemna's banks and the proud palaces
Of Delhi, the wild monsters of the wood
Die in the blameless warfare : closed within
The still-contracting circle, their brute force
Wasting in mutual rage, they perish there,

VIII. 160

Or by each other's fury lacerate,
The archer's barbed arrow, or the lance
Of some bold youth of his first exploits vain,
Rajah or Omrah, for the war of beasts
Venturous, and learning thus the love of blood.
The shout of terror rings along the wall,
For now the French their scaling ladders place,
And bearing high their bucklers, to the assault
Mount fearless : from above the furious troops-
Hurl down such weapons as inventive care,
Or frantic rage supplies : huge stones and beams
Crush the bold foe ; some, thrust adown the height,
Fall living to their death ; some in keen pangs-
And wildly-writhing, as the liquid lead
Gnaws thro' their members, leap down desperate,
Eager to cease from suffering. Still they mount,
And by their fellows' fate unterrified,
Still dare the perilous way. Nor dangerless
To the English was the fight, tho' from above
Easy to crush the assailants : them amidst

VIII. 161

Fast fled the arrows ; the large * brass-wing'd darts,
There driven resistless from the espringal,
Keeping their impulse even in the wound,
Whirl as they pierce the victim. Some fall crush'd
Beneath the ponderous fragment that descends
The heavier from its height : some, the long lance,
Impetuous rushing on its viewless way,
Transfix'd. The death-fraught cannon's thundering roar
Convulsing air, the soldier's eager shout,
And Terror's wild shriek echo o'er the plain
In dreadful harmony.

Meantime the Chief,
Who equall'd on the bridge the rampart's height,
With many a well-aim'd javelin dealing death,
Made thro' the throng his passage : he advanced
In wary valour o'er his slaughtered foes,
On the blood-reeking wall. Him drawing near,
Two youths, the boldest of the English host,

* These darts were called Viretons, from their whirling about in the air.

VIII. 162

Prest on to thrust him from that perilous height ;
 At once they rush'd upon him : he, his axe
 Dropping, the dagger drew : one thro' the throat
 He pierced, and swinging his broad buckler round,
 Dash'd down his comrade. So, unmoved he stood,
 The sire of Guendolen, that daring man,
 Corineus ;* grappling with his monstrous foe,

* And here, with leave bespoken to recite a grand fable, though dignified by our best poets, while Brutus on a certain festival day, solemnly kept on that shore where he first landed, was with the people in great jollity and mirth, a crew of these savages breaking in among them, began on the sudden another sort of game than at such a meeting was expected. But at length by many hands overcome, Goemagog the hugest, in height twelve cubits, is reserved alive, that with him Corineus who desired nothing more, might try his strength ; whom in a wrestle the giant catching aloft, with a terrible hugg broke three of his ribs : nevertheless Corineus enraged heaving him up by main force, and on his shoulders bearing him to the next high rock, *threw him headlong all shattered into the sea*, and left his name on the cliff, called ever since Langoemagog, which is to say, the Giant's leap."

Milton.

The expression *brute vastness* is taken from the same work of Milton, where he relates the death of Morindus, " Well

VIII. 163

He the brute vastness held aloft, and bore,
And headlong hurl'd, all shatter'd to the sea,
Down from the rock's high summit, since that day
Him, hugest of the giants, chronicling,
Called Langoemagog.

The Maid of Arc

Bounds o'er the bridge, and to the wind unfurls
Her hallowed banner. At that welcome sight
A general shout of acclamation rose,
And loud, as when the tempest-tossing forest
Roars to the roaring wind ; then terror seiz'd
The garrison ; and fired anew with hope,
The fierce assailants to their prize rush on
Resistless. Vainly do their English foes
Hurl there their beams, and stones, and javelins,
And fire-brands ; fearless in the escalade,

fitted to such a beastial cruelty was his end ; for hearing of a huge monster that from the Irish sea infested the coast, and in the pride of his strength foolishly attempting to set manly valour against a brute vastness, when his weapons were all in vain, by that horrible mouth he was caught up and devoured."

VIII. 164

Firm mount the French, and now upon the wall
Wage equal battle.

Burning at the sight
With indignation, Glacidas beheld
His troops fly scattered ; fast on every side
The foes up-rushing eager to their spoil ;
The holy standard waving ; and the Maid
Fierce in pursuit. " Speed but this arrow Heaven !"
The Chief exclaim'd, " and I shall fall content."
So saying, he his sharpest quarrel chose,
And fix'd the bow-string, and against the Maid
Levelling, let loose : her arm was rais'd on high
To smite a fugitive : he glanced aside,
Shunning her deadly stroke, and thus receiv'd
The Chieftain's arrow : thro' his ribs it pass'd,
And cleft that vessel, whence the purer blood,
Thro' many a branching channel o'er the frame
Meanders.

" Fool !" the enraged Chief exclaim'd,
" Would she had slain thee ! thou hast lived too long."

VIII. 165

Again he aim'd his arbalist : the string
Struck forceful : swift the erring arrow sped
Guiltless of blood, for lightly o'er the court
Bounded the warrior Virgin. Glacidas
Levelled his bow again ; the fated shaft
Fled true, and difficultly thro' the mail
Pierced to her neck, and tinged its point with blood.
" She bleeds ! she bleeds !" exulting cried the Chief ;
" The Sorceress bleeds ! nor all her hellish arts
" Can charm my arrows from their destined course."
Ill-fated man ! in vain with murderous hand
Placing thy feathered quarrel in its groove,
Dream'st thou of *JOAN* subdued ! She from her neck
Plucking the shaft unterrified, exclaim'd,
" This is a * favour ! Frenchmen, let us on !

* " The Tournelles adjoining to the Bridge, was kept by Glacidas, (one of the most resolute Captains among the English) having well encouraged his men to defend themselves and to fight for their lives.

The skirmish begins at nine of the clock in the morning, and the ladders are planted. A

VIII. 166

"Escape they cannot from the hand of God!"

But Conrade, rolling round his angry eyes,

storm of English arrows falls upon our men with such violence as they recoiled. "How now!" (saith the Virgin) "have we begun so well to end so ill? let us charge! they are our own, seeing God is on our side!" so every one recovering his forces, flocks about the Virgin. The English double the storm upon the thickest of the troops. The Virgin fighting in the foremost ranks and encouraging her men to do well was shot through the arm with an arrow; she, nothing amazed, takes the arrow in one hand and her sword in the other, "this is a favour" (says she) "let us go on! they cannot escape the hand of GOD!"

Chapelain has dilated this exclamation of the Maid into a ridiculous speech.

Quoy ! valeureux Guerriers, quoy ! dans vostre avantage
Un peu de sang perdu vous fait perdre courage !
Pour moy, je le repute a supreme bonheur,
Et dans ce petit mal je trouve un grand honneur ;
Le succes, bien qu' heureux, n'eust eu rien d'honorable,
Si le Ciel n'eust permis un coup si favorable ;
Vous n'en verres pas moins vos bras victorieux,
J'en verray seulement mon nom plus glorieux.

L. III.

VIII. 167

Beheld the English Chieftain as he aim'd
Again the bow : with rapid step he strode ;
Nor did not Glacidas the Frank perceive ;
At him he drew the string : the powerless dart
Fell blunted from his buckler. Fierce he came
And lifting high his ponderous battle-axe,
Full on his shoulder drove the furious stroke
Deep-buried in his bosom : prone he fell,
The cold air rush'd upon his heaving heart.
One whose low lineage gave no second name .
Was * Glacidas, a gallant man, and still

* I can make nothing English of this name. Monstrellet calls him Clacedas and Clasendas. Daniel says the principal leaders of the English were Suffolk, Talbot, Scales, Fastolfe, et un nommé Glacidas ou Clacidas, dont le mérite suppléant à la naissance, l'avoit fait parvenir aux premières charges de l'armée.

The importance attached to a second name is well exemplified by an extract in Selden, relating to " the creation of Robert Earle of Gloucester natural sonne to King Henry I. The King having speech with Mabile the sole daughter and heire of Robert Fitz Hayman Lord of Gloucester, told her (as

VIII. 168

His memory in the records of the foe
Survives.

it is reported in an old English rithmical story attributed to one Robert of Gloucester) that

— he seold his sone to her spousing avonge,
The Maid was ther agen, and withsaid it long.
The King of sought her suith ynou, so that atten ende
Mabile him answered, as gode Maide and hende,
Sir, heo sede, well ichot, that your hert ope me is,
More vor mine heritage than vor my sulve iwis.
So vair eritage as ich abbe, it were me grete shame,
Vor to abbe an louerd, bote he had an toname.
Sir Roberd le Fitz Haim my faders name was,
And that ne might nought be his that of his kunne nought nas.
Therefore, Sir, vor Godes love, ne let me no mon owe,
Bote he abbe an twoname war thoru he be iknowe.
Damoysale, quoth the King, thou seist well in this case,
Sir Roberd de Fitz Haim thy fader twoname was ;
And as udir twoname he shall abbe, gif me him may bise
Sir Roberd de Fitz Rey is name shall be.
Sire, quoth this Maid tho, that is a vaire name.
As who seith all his life and of great fame,
As wat shold is sonne hote thanne and he that of him come,
So ne might hii hote, whereof nameth gone.
The King understood that the Maid ne sede no outrage,
And that Gloucestre was chief of ire heritage.
Dameselle he sede tho, thi Louerd shall have a name

VIII. 169

And now disheartened at his death
 The vanquish'd English fly towards the gate,
 Seeking the * inner court, as yet in hope
 Again to dare the siege, and with their friends
 Find present refuge there. Mistaken men !
 The vanquish'd have no friends ! defeated thus,
 Prest by pursuit, in vain with eager voice
 They call their comrades in the suppliant tones
 Of pity now, now in the indignant phrase

Vor him and vor his heirs vair without blame,
 Vor Roberd Earle of Gloucestre is name shall be and his,
 Vor he shall be Earle of Gloucestre and his heirs iwis.
 Sire, quoth this Maid tho, well liketh me this
 In this forme ichole that all my gode be his.
 Thus was Earle of Gloucestre first imade there
 Ae his Roberd of all thulke that long bivore were,
 This was end leve hundred yeare, and in the ninth yeer right
 After that ure Louerd was in his moder a hight.

Seldens Titles of Honor.

* On entering the outer gate, the next part that presented itself was the outer ballium, or bailey, separated from the inner ballium by a strong embattled wall and towered gate.

VIII. 170

Of fruitless anger ; they indeed within
Fast from the ramparts on the victor troops
Hurl their keen javelins,—but the gate is barr'd—
The huge portcullis down !

Then terror seiz'd
Their hopeless hearts : some, furious in despair,
Turn on their foes ; fear-palsied some await
The coming death ; some drop the useless sword
And cry for mercy.

Then the Maid of Arc
Had pity on the vanquish'd ; and she call'd
Aloud, and cried unto the host of France,
And bade them cease from slaughter. They obeyed
The delegated damsel. Some there were
Apart that communed murmuring, and of these
Graville address'd her. “ Mission'd Maid ! our troops
“ Are few in number ; and to well secure
“ These many prisoners such a force demands,
“ As should we spare might shortly make us need
“ The mercy we bestow ; not mercy then,

VIII. 171

" Rather to these our soldiers, cruelty.
" Justice to them, to France, and to our King,
" And that regard wise Nature has in each
" Implanted of self-safety, all demand
" Their deaths."

" Foul fall such evil policy !"

The indignant Maid exclaim'd. " I tell thee, Chief,
" God is with us ! but God shall hide his face
" From him who sheds one drop of human blood
" In calm cold-hearted wisdom ; him who weighs
" The *right* and the *expedient*, and resolves,
" Just as the well-pois'd scale shall rise or fall.
" These men shall live—live to be happy Chief,
" And in the latest hour of life, shall bless
" Us who preserved. What is the Conqueror's name,
" Compared to this when the death hour shall come ?
" To think that we have from the murderous sword
" Rescued one man, and that his heart-pour'd prayers,
" Already with celestial eloquence,
" Plead for us to the All-just !"

VIII. 172

Severe she spake,

Then turn'd to Conrade. "Thou from these our troops

"Appoint fit escort for the prisoners :

"I need not tell thee, Conrade, they are men,

"Misguided men, led from their little homes,

"The victims of the mighty ! thus subdued

"They are our foes no longer : be they held

"In Orleans. From the war we may not spare

"Thy valour long."

She said : when Conrade cast

His eyes around, and mark'd amid the court

From man to man where Francis rush'd along,

Bidding them spare the vanquish'd. Him he hail'd.

"The Maid hath bade me chuse a leader forth

"To guard the captives ; thou shalt be the man ;

"For thou wilt guard them with due diligence,

"Yet not forgetting they are men, our foes.

"No longer !"

Nor meantime the garrison

Ceas'd from the war ; they, in the hour of need,

VIII. 173

Abandoning their comrades to the sword,
A daring band, resolved to bide the siege
In desperate valour. Fast against the walls
The battering-ram drove fierce ; the enginery
Ply'd at the ramparts fast ; the catapults
Drove there their dreadful darts ; the war-wolfs there
Hurl'd their huge stones ; and, thro' the kindled sky,
The engines showered their * sheets of liquid fire.

“ Feel ye not, Comrades, how the ramparts shake
“ Beneath the ponderous ram's unceasing stroke ?”

* When the Black Prince attacked the Castle of Romorantin “ there was slain hard by him an English Esquire named Jacob Bernard, whereat the Prince was so displeased, that he took his most solemn oath, and sware by his father's soul not to leave the siege, till he had the Castle and all within at his mercy. Then the assault was renewed much hotter than ever, till at last the Prince saw there was no likelihood of prevailing that way. Wherefore presently he gave order to raise certain engines, wherewith they cast combustible matter enflamed after the manner of wild fire into the Base court

VIII. 174

Cried one, a venturous Englishman. " Our foes,
" In woman-like compassion, have dismissed
" A powerful escort, weakening thus themselves,
" And giving us fair hope, in equal field,
" Of better fortune. Sorely here annoyed,
" And slaughtered by their engines from afar,
" We perish. Vainly does the soldier boast
" Undaunted courage and the powerful arm,
" If thus pent up, like some wild beast he falls,
" Mark'd for the hunter's arrows : let us rush
" And meet them in the battle, man to man,

so fast and in such quantities, that at last the whole court seemed to be one huge fire. Whereupon the excessive heat prevailed so, that it took hold of the roof of a great tower, which was covered with reed, and so began to spread over all the castle. Now therefore when these valiant captains within saw, that of necessity they must either submit entirely to the Prince's courtesy, or perish by the most merciless of elements, they all together came down and yielded themselves absolutely to his grace.

Joshua Barnes.

VIII. 175

" Either to conquer, or, at least, to die

" A soldier's death."

" Nay nay—not so," replied

One of less daring valor. " Tho' they point

" Their engines here, our archers not in vain

" Speed their death-doing shafts. Let the strong walls

" First by the foe be won ; 'twill then be time

" To meet them in the battle man to man,

" When these shall fail us."

Scarcely had he spoke

When fall upon his breast a ponderous stone

Fell fierce impell'd, and drove him to the earth,

All shattered. Horror the spectators seiz'd,

For as the dreadful weapon shivered him,

His blood besprinkled round, and they beheld

His mangled lungs lie quivering !

" Such the fate

" Of those who trust them to their walls defence."

Again exclaim'd the soldier : " thus they fall,

" Betrayed by their own fears. Courage alone

VIII. 176

" Can save us."

Nor to draw them from the fort
Now needed eloquence ; with one accord
They bade him lead to battle. Forth they rush'd
Impetuous. With such fury o'er the plain.
Swoln by the autumnal tempest, Vega rolls
His rapid waters, when the gathered storm,
On the black hills of Cambria bursting, swells
The tide of desolation.

Then the Maid
Spake to the son of Orleans, " Let our troops
" Fall back, so shall the English in pursuit
" Leave this strong fortress, thus an easy prey."
Time was not for long counsel. From the court,
Obedient to Dunois, a band of Franks
Retreat, as at the irruption of their foes
Disheartened ; they, with shouts and loud uproar,
Rush to their fancied conquest : *JOAN*, the while
Placing a small but gallant garrison,
Bade them secure the gates : then forth she rush'd,

VIII. 177

With such fierce onset charging on their rear,
That terror smote the English, and they wish'd
Again that they might hide them in their walls
Rashly abandoned, for now wheeling round
The son of Orleans fought. All captainless,
Ill-marshall'd, ill-directed, in vain rage,
They waste their furious efforts, falling fast
Before the Maid's good falchion and the sword
Of Conrade : loud was heard the mingled sound
Of arms and men ; the earth, that trampled late
By multitudes, gave to the passing wind
Its dusty clouds, now reek'd with their hot gore.

High on the fort's far summit Talbot mark'd
The fight, and call'd impatient for his arms,
Eager to rush to war ; and scarce withheld,
For now, disheartened and discomfited,
The troops fled fearful.

On the bridge there stood
A strong-built tower, commanding o'er the Loire.

VIII. 178

The traveller sometimes lingered on his way,
Marking the playful tenants of the stream,
Seen in its shadow, stem the sea-ward tide.
This had the invaders won in hard assault
Ere she, the Delegate of Heaven, came forth
And made them fear who never fear'd before.
Hither the English troops with hasty steps
Retir'd, yet not forgetful of defence,
But waging still the war : the garrison
Them thus retreating saw, and open threw
Their guarded gates, and on the Gallic host,
Covering their vanquish'd fellows, pour'd their shafts.
Check'd in pursuit they stopt. Then Graville cried,
" Ill Maiden hast thou done ! those valiant troops
" Thy womanish pity has dismissed, with us
" Conjoin'd might press upon the vanquish'd foes,
" Tho' aided thus, and plant the lillied flag
" Victorious on yon tower."

" Dark-minded man !"

The Maid of Orleans answered, " to act well

VIII. 179

" Brings with itself an ample recompence. "

" I have not rear'd the Oriflamme * of death,

* The Oriflamme was a standard erected to denote that no quarter would be given. It is said to have been of red silk, adorned and beaten with very broad and fair lilies of gold, and bordered about with gold and vermillion. Le Moyne has given it a suitable escort :

Ensuite l'Oriflamme ardent et lumineuse,
Marche sur un grand char, dont la forme est affreuse.
Quatre enormes Dragons d'un or ombre ecaillez,
Et de pourpre, d' azur, et de vert emaillez,
Dans quelque occasion que le besoin le porte,
Luy font une pompeuse et formidable escorte.
Dans leur terribles yeux des grenas arrondis,
De leur feu, de leur sang, font peur aux plus hardis,
Et si ce feu paroist allumer leur audace,
Aussi paroist ce sang animer leur menace.
Le char roulant sous eux, il semble au roulement,
Qu' il les fasse voler avecque sifflement :
Et de la poudre, en l' air, il se fait des fumées
A leur bouches du vent et du bruit animées.

Philip is said by some historians to have erected the Oriflamme at Crecy, where Edward in return raised up his Burning Dragon, the English signal for massacre. The Oriflamme was originally used only in wars against the Infidels, for it was a sacred banner, and believed to have been sent from Heaven.

VIII. 180

" The butcher flag ! the banner of the Lord
" Is this, and come what will, me it behoves,
" Mindful of that Good Power who delegates,
" To spare the fallen foe : that gracious God
" Sends me the minister of mercy forth,
" Sends me to save this ravaged realm of France,
" To England friendly as to all the world,
" Foe only to the great blood-guilty ones,
" The masters and the murderers of mankind."

She said, and suddenly threw off her helm ;
Her breast heaved high—her cheek grew red—her eyes
Flash'd forth a wilder lustre. " Thou dost deem
" That I have illy spar'd so large a band,
" Disabling from pursuit our weakened troops—
" God is with us !" she cried—" God is with us !
" Our Champion manifest !"

Even as she spake,
The tower, the bridge, and all its multitudes,
Sunk with a mighty crash.

VIII. 181

Astonishment

Seized on the *French—an universal cry

* At this woman's voice amidst the sound of war, the combat grows very hot. Our men, greatly encouraged by the Virgin, run headlong to the Bastion and force a point thereof; then fire and stones rain so violently, as the English being amazed, forsake their defences: some are slain upon the place, some throw themselves down headlong, and fly to the tower upon the bridge. In the end this brave Glacidas abandons this quarter, and retires into the base court upon the bridge, and after him a great number of his soldiers. The bridge greatly shaken with Artillery, tryed by fire, and overcharged with the weight of this multitude, sinks into the water with a fearful cry, carrying all this multitude with it.

De Serres.

This circumstance has been magnified into a miracle. "The French, for the most part, draw the institution of the order of St. Michael principally from a purpose that Charles had to make it, after the apparition of the Archangel upon Orleans bridge, as the tutelary angell of France assisting against the English in 1428." *Selden's Titles of Honour.*

The expressions are somewhat curious in the patent of this, *L'ordre de Monsieur St. Michael Archange*. Louis XI. instituted it "à la gloire et louange de Dieu nostre createur tout puissant, et reverence de la glorieuse vierge Marie, à l'honneur et reverence de St. Michael, *premier Chevalier*, qui par la querelle de Dieu, bataille contre l'ancien enemy de l'humain lignage, et le fit tresbucher de Ciel."

VIII. 182

Of terror burst from them. Crush'd in the fall,
Or by their armour whelm'd beneath the tide,
The sufferers sunk, or vainly plied their arms,
Caught by some sinking wretch, who grasp'd them fast
And dragg'd them down to death : shrieking they sunk ;
Huge fragments frequent dash'd with thundering roar,
Amid the foaming current. From the fort
Talbot beheld, and gnash'd his teeth, and curs'd
The more than mortal Virgin ; whilst the towers
Of Orleans echoed to the loud uproar,
And all who heard, trembled, and cross'd their breasts,
And as they hastened to the city walls,
Told fearfully their beads.

'Twas now the hour
When o'er the plain the pensive hues of eve
Shed their meek radiance ; when the lowing herd,
Slow as they stalk to shelter, draw behind
The lengthening shades ; and seeking his high nest,
As heavily he flaps the dewy air,
The hoarse rook pours his not unpleasing note.

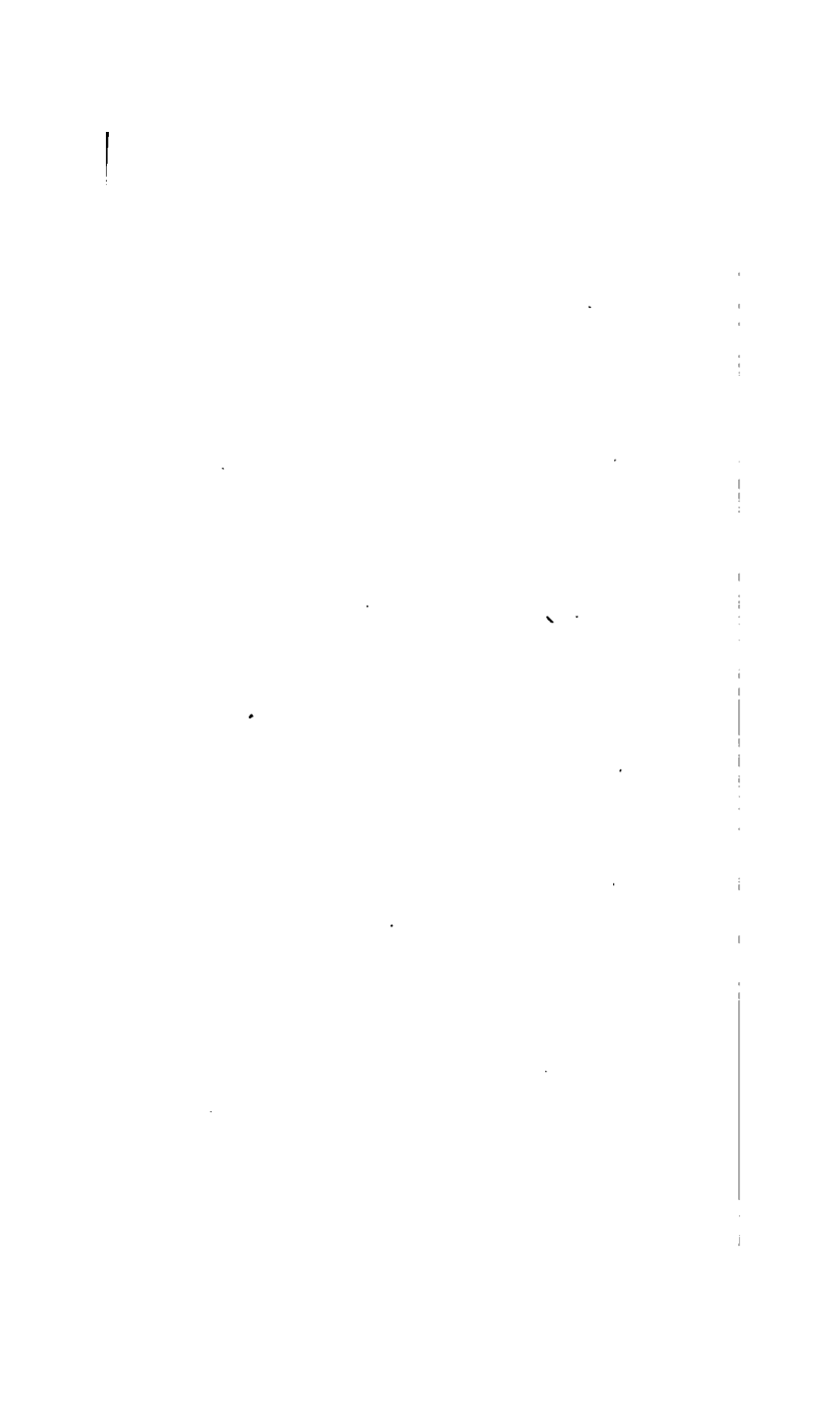
VIII. 183

" Now then Dunois for Orleans !" cried the Maid
" And give we to the flames these monuments
" Of sorrow and disgrace. The ascending flames
" Shall to the dwellers of yon rescued town
" Blaze with a joyful splendour, while the foe
" Behold and tremble."

As she spake, they rush'd
To fire the forts ; they shower their wild fire there,
And high amid the gloom the ascending flames
Blaze up ; then joyful of their finish'd toil
The host retire. Hush'd is the field of fight
As the calm'd ocean, when its gentle waves
Heave slow and silent, wafting tranquilly
The shattered fragments of the midnight wreck.



The Ninth Book.



*Transactions of the night. Murmurs, council
and retreat of the English. Advance of Burgundy
to their assistance prevented. Burial of the dead.
Their funeral oration pronounced by the Maid.*

1

2

3

4

5

6

7

8

9

10

11

12

JOAN of ARC.

THE NINTH BOOK.

Far thro' the shadowy sky the ascending * flames
Stream'd their fierce torrents, by the gales of night
Now curl'd, now flashing their long lightnings up
That made the stars seem pale ; less frequent now
Thro' the red volumes the brief splendours shot,
And blacker waves roll'd o'er the darkened heaven.
Dismayed amid the forts that yet remain'd
The invaders saw, and clamoured for retreat,
Deeming that aided by invisible powers

* Lesdites bastilles et fortresses furent prestement arses et demolies jusques en terre, affin que nulles gens de guerre de quelconque pays quilz soient ne si peussent plus loger.

IX. 190

The Maid went forth to conquer. Not a sound
Moved on the air but filled them with vague dread
Of unseen dangers; if the blast arose
Sudden, thro' every fibre a deep fear
Crept shivering, and to their expecting minds
Silence † itself was dreadful. One there was
Who, learning wisdom in the hour of ill,
Exclaimed, " I marvel not that the Most High
" Hath hid his face from England ! wherefore thus
" Quitting the comforts of domestic life,
" Swarm we to desolate this goodly land,
" Making the drenched earth rank with human blood,
" Scatter pollution on the winds of Heaven ?
" Oh ! that the sepulchre had closed its jaws

† Un cry, que le besoin ou la peur fait jeter,
Et les airs agités les peuvent agiter.
Une haleine, un soupir et mesme le silence
Aux chefs, comme aux soldats, font perdre l'assurance.

Chaplain. L. in.

IX. 191

" On that foul † Priest, that bad blood-guilty man,
" Who, trembling for the Churches ill-got wealth,
" Bade Henry look on France, ere he had drawn
" The desolating sword, and sent him forth
" To slaughter ! Sure he spake the will of God,
" That holy * Hermit, who in his career

† The Parliament, when Henry V. demanded supply, entreated him to seize all the ecclesiastical revenues, and convert them to the use of the crown. The Clergy were alarmed, and Chichely, Archbishop of Canterbury, endeavoured to divert the blow, by giving occupation to the King, and by persuading him to undertake a war against France.

Hume.

* While Henry V. lay at the siege of Dreux, an honest Hermit unknown to him, came and told him the great evils he brought upon Christendom by his unjust ambition, who usurped the kingdom of France, against all manner of right, and contrary to the will of God ; wherefore in his holy name he threatened him with a severe and sudden punishment, if he desisted not from his enterprize. Henry took this exhortation either as an idle whimsey, or a suggestion of the Dauphin's, and was but the more confirmed in his design. But the blow soon followed the threatening ; for within some few months after, he was smitten in the fundament with a strange and incurable disease.

Mexeray.

IX. 192

" Of conquest met the King, and bade him cease
" The work of death, before the wrath divine
" Fell heavy on his head ; and soon it fell
" And sunk him to the grave ; and soon that wrath
" On us, alike in sin, alike shall fall,
" For thousands and ten thousands, by the sword
" Cut off, and sent before the Eternal Judge,
" With all their unrepented crimes upon them,
" Cry out for vengeance ! for the widow's groan,
" Tho' here she groan unpitied or unheard,
" Is heard in Heaven against us ! o'er this land
" For hills of human slain, unsepulchred,
" Steam pestilence, and cloud the blessed sun !
" The wrath of God is on us—God has call'd
" This Virgin forth, and gone before her path—
" Our brethren, vainly valiant, fall beneath them,
" Clogging with gore their weapons, or in the flood
" Whelm'd like the Egyptian tyrant's impious host,
" Mangled and swoln, their blackened carcasses
" Toss on the tossing billows ! We remain,

IX. 193

" For yet our rulers will pursue the war,
" We still remain to perish by the sword,
" Soon to appear before the throne of God,
" Lost, guilty wretches, hireling murderers,
" Uninjur'd, unprovok'd, who dared to risk
" The life his goodness gave us, on the chance
" Of war, and in obedience to our Chiefs,
" *Durst disobey our God.*"

Then terror seized

The troops and late repentance : and they thought
The Spirits of the Mothers and their Babes
Famish'd at Roan, sat on the clouds of night,
Circling the forts, to hail with gloomy joy
The hour of vengeance.*

* ——— Reseraverat antrum
Tartareus Rector pallens, utque arma nefanda
Spectarent, caperentque sui solatia fati, ..
Invisas illuc Libyes emiserat umbras ;
Undique consedere arvis, nigraque corona
Infecere diem, versatilis umbra Jugurthæ,

IX. 194

Nor the English Chiefs
Heard their loud murmurs heedless : counselling
They met despondent. Suffolk, now their Chief,
Since conquered by the arm of Theodore
Fell Salisbury, thus began.

“ It now were vain
“ Lightly of this our more than mortal foe,
“ To speak contemptuous. She has vanquish'd us,
“ Aided by Hell's leagued powers, nor ought avails
“ Man unassisted 'gainst the powers of * Hell

Annibalis sævi Manes, captique Syphacis,
Qui nunc eversas secum Carthaginis arces
Ignovere Deis, postquam feralia campi
Prælia Thapsiaci, et Latios videre furores.

Supplementum Lucani. Lib. iii.

I am not conscious of having imitated these lines; but I would not lose the opportunity of quoting so fine a passage from Thomas May, an author to whom I owe some obligations, and who is not remembered as his merits deserve.

* To some, says Speed, it may appear more honourable to our nation, that they were not to be expelled by a human power, but by a divine, extraordinarily revealing itself.

IX. 195

" To dare the conflict : were it best remain
" Waiting the doubtful aid of Burgundy,
" Doubtful and still delayed ; or from this scene,
" Scene of our shame, retreating as we may,
" Yet struggle to preserve the guarded towns
" Of Orleannois ?"

He ceas'd, and with a sigh
Struggling with pride that heav'd his gloomy breast,
Talbot replied—" Our council little boots ;
" For by their numbers now made bold * in fear
" The soldiers will not fight, they will not heed
" Our vain resolves, heart-withered by the spells
" Of this accursed Sorceress : soon will come
" The expected host from England : even now
" Perchance the tall bark scuds across the deep
" That bears my son : young Talbot comes—he comes

* Nec pavidum murmur ; consensu audacia crevit,
Tantaque turba metu pœnarum solvit ad omni.

Sup. Lucani.

IX. 196

“ To find his sire disgraced ! but soon mine arm,
“ By vengeance nerved, and shame of such defeat,
“ Shall, from the crest-fallen courage of yon witch,
“ Regain its antient glory. Near the coast
“ Best is it to retreat, and there expect
“ The coming succour.”

Thus the warrior spake.

Joy ran thro' all the * troops, as tho' retreat
Were safety. Silently in ordered ranks
They issue forth, favoured by the deep clouds
That mantled o'er the moon. With throbbing hearts
Fearful they speeded on : some, thinking sad
Of distant England, and, now wise too late,
Cursing in bitterness that evil hour
That led them from her shores : some in faint hope
Calling to mind the comforts of their home :

* In Rymer's *Fœdera* are two proclamations, one “ contra Capitaneos et Soldarios tergiversantes, incantationibus Puellæ terrificatos ;” the other, “ de fugitivis ab exercitu quos tericulamenta Puellæ exanimaverant, arestandis.”

IX. 197

Talbot went musing on his blasted fame
Sullen and stern, and feeding on dark thoughts,
And meditating vengeance,

In the walls

Of Orleans, tho' her habitants with joy
Humbly acknowledged the high aid of Heaven,
Of many a heavy ill and bitter loss
Mindful, such mingled sentiments they felt
As one from shipwreck saved, the first warm glow
Of transport past, who contemplates himself,
Preserved alone, a solitary wretch,
Possessed of life indeed, but reft of all
That makes man love to live. The Chieftains shared
The social * bowl, glad of the town relieved,
And communing of that miraculous Maid,

* Ronsard remarks,

Rien n'est meilleur pour l' homme soulager
Après le mal, que le boire et manger.

Franciade.

IX. 198

Who came the saviour of the realm of France,
When vanquish'd in the frequent field of shame,
Her bravest warriors trembled.

JOAN the while

Foodless and silent to the Convent pass'd :
Conrade with her, and Isabel ; both mute,
Yet gazing on her oft with eloquent eye,
Looking the consolation that they fear'd
To give a voice to. Now they reach'd the dome :
The glaring torches o'er the house of death
Stream'd a sad splendour. Flowers and funeral herbs
Bedeck'd the bier of Theodore : the rue,
The dark green rosemary, and the violet,
That pluck'd like him withered in its first bloom.
Dissolved in sorrow, Isabel her grief
Pour'd copious ; Conrade wept : the Maid alone
Was tearless, for she stood unheedingly,
Gazing the vision'd scene of her last hour,
Absorb'd in contemplation ; from her eye
Intelligence was absent ; nor she seem'd

IX. 199

To hear, tho' listening to the dirge of death.
Laid in his last home now was Theodore,
And now upon the coffin thrown, the earth
Fell heavy : the Maid started—for the sound
Smote on her heart ; her eye one lightning glance
Shot wild, and shuddering, upon Isabel
She hung, her pale lips trembling, and her cheek
As wan as tho' untenanted by life.

Then in the Priest arose the earnest hope,
That weary of the world and sick with woe,
The Maid might dwell with them a vestal vowed.
“ Ah Damsel !” slow he spake and cross'd his breast,
“ Ah Damsel ! favoured as thou art of Heaven,
“ Let not thy soul beneath its sorrow sink
“ Despondent ; Heaven by sorrow disciplines
“ The froward heart, and chastens whom it loves ;
“ Therefore, companion of thy way of life,
“ Affliction thee shall wean from this vain world,
“ Where happiness provokes the traveller's chase,

IX. 200

- " And like the midnight meteor of the marsh,
" Allures his long and perilous pursuit,
" Then leaves him dark and comfortless. O Maid!
" Fix thou thine eyes upon that heavenly dawn
" Beyond the night of life! thy race is run,
" Thou hast delivered Orleans : now perfect
" Thyself ; accomplish all, and be the child
" Of God. Amid these sacred haunts the groan
" Of Woe is never heard ; these hallowed roofs
" Re-echo only to the pealing quire,
" The chaunted mass, and Virgin's holy hymn,
" Celestial sounds ! secluded here, the soul
" Receives a foretaste of her joys to come !
" This is the abode of Piety and Peace :
" Oh ! be their inmate Maiden ! come to rest,
" Die to the world, and live espous'd to Heaven !"

Then Conrade answered, " Father ! Heaven has doom'd

" This Maid to active virtue."

" Active !" cried

IX. 201

The astonish'd Priest ; " thou dost not know the toils

" This holy warfare asks ; thou dost not know

" How powerful the attacks that Satan makes

" By sinful Nature aided ! dost thou deem

" It is an easy task from the fond breast

" To root affection out ! to burst the cords

" That grapple to society the heart

" Of social man ? to rouse the unwilling spirit,

" That, rebel to Devotion, faintly pours

" The cold lip-worship of the wearying prayer ?

" To fear and tremble at him, yet to love

" A God of Terrors ? Maid, beloved of Heaven !

" Come to this sacred trial ! share with us

" The day of penance and the night of prayer !

" Humble thyself ! feel thine own worthlessness,

" A reptile worm ! before thy birth condemn'd

" To all the horrors of thy Maker's wrath,

" The lot of fallen mankind ! oh hither come !

" Humble thyself in ashes, so thy name

" Shall live amid the blessed host of saints,

IX. 202

" And unborn pilgrims at thy hallowed shrine

" Pour forth their pious offerings."

" Hear me Priest!"

Exclaim'd the awakened Maid ; " amid these tombs,

" Cold as their clayey tenants, know, my heart

" Must never grow to stone ! chill thou thyself,

" And break thy midnight rest, and tell thy beads,

" And labour thro' thy still repeated prayer ;

" Fear thou thy God of Terrors ; spurn the gifts

" He gave, and sepulchre thyself alive !

" But far more valued is the vine that bends

" Beneath its swelling clusters, than the dark

" And joyless ivy, round the cloister's wall

" Wreathing its barren arms. For me I know

" Mine own worth, Priest ! that I have well perform'd

" My duty, and untrembling shall appear

" Before the just tribunal of that God,

" Whom grateful Love has taught me to adore !"

Severe she spake, for sorrow in her heart

IX. 203

Had wrought unwonted sternness. From the dome
They past in silence, when with hasty steps,
Sent by the assembled Chieftains, one they met
Seeking the mission'd virgin, as alarm'd,
The herald of ill tidings.

“ Holy Maid !”

He cried, “ they ask thy counsel. Burgundy
“ Comes in the cause of England, and his troops
“ Scarce three leagues from our walls, a fearful power
“ Rest tented for the night.”

“ Say to the Chiefs,

“ At morn I will be with them,” she replied.
“ Meantime their welfare well shall occupy
“ My nightly thoughts.”

So saying on she past
Thoughtful and silent. A brief while she mus'd,
Brief, but sufficing to impel the soul,
As with a strange and irresistible force,
To loftiest daring. “ Conrade !” she exclaim'd
“ I pray thee meet me at the eastern gate

" With a swift steed prepared : for I must hence."

Her voice was calm ; nor Conrade thro' the gloom
Saw the faint flush that witness'd on her cheek
High thoughts conceived. She to her home repair'd
And with a light and unplumed * casquetel
She helm'd her head ; hung from her neck † the shield
And forth she went.

* A lighter kind of helmet.

† The shield was often worn thus. " Among the Frenchmen there was a young lusty Esquire of Gascoigne, named William Marchant, who came out among the foremost into the field, well mounted, his shield about his neck, and his spear in his hand."

Barnes.

This is frequently alluded to in Romance. " Then the Knight of the burning sword stept forward, and lifting up his arm as if he would strike Cynocephal on the top of his head, seized with his left hand on the shield, which he pulled to him with so much strength, that plucking it from his neck he brought him to the ground."

Amadis de Grece.

Sometimes the shield was laced to the shoulder.

IX. 205

Her Conrade by the wall
 Awaited. " May I Maiden seek unblamed
 " Whither this midnight journey ? may I share
 " The peril ?" cried the warrior. She rejoin'd,
 " This Conrade, may not be. Alone I go.
 " That impulse of the soul that comes from God
 " Hath summon'd me. Of this remain assured,
 " If ought of patriot enterprize required

The shield of the middle ages must not be confounded with that of the ancients. The Knight might easily bear his small shield around his neck ; but the Grecian warrior stood *protecting his thighs and his legs, his breast also and his shoulders with the body of his broad shield.*

Μηρὸς τε κνημῆας τε κατὰ καὶ στερνὰ καὶ ὤμους
 Ἀσπίδος εὐρείης γαστρὶ καλυψάμενος.

ΤΥΡΤΑΙΟΣ.

But the most convenient shields were used by
 Ceux qu'on voit demeurer dans les îles Alandes,
 Qui portent pour pavois, des escailles si grandes,
 Que lors qu'il faut camper, le soldat qui s'en sert
 En fait comme une hutte, et s'y wet à couvert.

Alarie.

IX. 206

" Associate firmness, thou shouldst be the man,

" Best—last—and only friend !"

So up she sprung

And left him. He beheld the warden close
The gate, and listened to her courser's tramp,
Till soon upon his ear the far-off sound
Fell faintly, and was lost.

Swift o'er the vale

Sped the good courser ; eagerly the Maid
Gave the loose rein, and now her speed attain'd
The dark encampment. Thro' the sleeping ranks
Onward she past. The trampling of the steed
Or mingled with the soldier's busy dreams,
Or with vague terrors fill'd his startled sense,
Prompting the secret prayer.

So on she past

To where in loftier shade arose the tent
Of Burgundy : light leaping from her seat
She entered.

On the earth the chieftain slept,

IX. 207

His mantle scarf'd around him ; armed all,
Save that his shield hung near him, and his helm,
And by his side in warrior readiness
The sheathed falchion lay. Profound he slept,
Nor heard the speeding courser's sounding hoof,
Nor entering footstep. " Burgundy," she cried,
" What, Burgundy ! awake !" He started up
And caught the gleam of arms, and to his sword
Reach'd the quick hand. But soon his upward glance
Thrill'd him, for full upon her face the lamp
Stream'd its deep glare, and in her solemn look
Was most unearthly meaning. Pale she was,
But in her eye a saintly lustre beam'd,
And that most calm and holiest confidence
That guilt knows never. " Burgundy, thou seest
" THE MAID OF ORLEANS !"

As she spake, a voice
Exclaim'd, " die sorceress !" and a knight rush'd in,
Whose name by her illustrated yet lives,
Franquet of Arras. With uplifted arm

IX. 208

Furious he came ; her buckler broke the blow,
And forth she flash'd her sword, and with a stroke
Swift that no eye could ward it, and of strength
No mail might blunt, smote on his neck, his neck
Unfenced, for he in haste aroused had cast
An * armet on ; resistless there she smote
And to the earth prone fell the headless trunk
Of Franquet.

Then on Burgundy she fixed
Her eye severe. " Go Chief, and thank thy God
" That he with lighter judgments visits thee
" Than fell on Sisera, or by Judith's hand
" He wrought upon the Assyrian ! thank thy God
" That when his vengeance smote the ruffian sons
" Of England, equall'd tho' thou wert in guilt,

* The Armet or Chapelle de fer was an iron hat, occasionally put on by Knights when they retired from the heat of the battle to take breath, and at times when they could not with propriety go unarmed,

IX. 209

" Thee he has spared to work by penitence
" And better deeds atonement."

Thus she spake,

Then issued forth, and bounding on her steed
Sped o'er the plain. Dark on the upland bank
The hedge-row trees distinct and colourless
Rose o'er the grey horizon, and the Loire
Form'd in its winding way islands of light
Amid the shadowy vale, when now she reach'd
The walls of Orleans.

From the eastern clouds

The sun came forth, as to the assembled chiefs
The Maiden past. Her bending thitherwards
The Bastard met. " New perils threaten us,"
He cried, " new toils await us ; Burgundy—"

" Fear not for Burgundy !" the Maid exclaim'd,
" Him will the Lord direct. Our earliest scouts
" Shall tell his homeward march. What of the troops
" Of England ?"

IX. 210

" They," the son of Orleans cried,
" By darkness favoured, fled ; yet not by flight
" Shall England's robber sons escape the arm
" Of retribution. Even now our troops,
" By battle unfatigued, unsatisfied
" With conquest, clamour to pursue the foe."

The Delegated Damsel thus replied :

" So let them fly, Dunois ! but other toils
" Than those of battle, these our hallowed troops
" Await. Look yonder to that carnaged plain !
" Behoves us there to delve the general grave.
" Then, Chieftain, for pursuit, when we have paid
" The rites of burial to our fellow men,
" And hymn'd our gratitude to that ALL-JUST
" Who gave the conquest. Thou, meantime, dispatch
" Tidings to Chimon : bid the King set forth,
" That crowning him before assembled France,
" In Rheims delivered from the enemy,
" I may accomplish all."

IX. 211

So said the Maid,
Then to the gate moved on. The assembled troops
Beheld their coming Chief, and smote their shields,
Clamouring their admiration ; for they thought,
That she would lead them to the instant war.
She waved her hand, and Silence still'd the host.
Then thus the mission'd Maid, " Fellows in arms !
" We must not speed to joyful victory,
" Whilst our unburied comrades, on yon plain,
" Allure the carrion bird. Give we this day
" To our dead friends !"

Nor did she speak in vain;
For as she spake, the thirst of battle dies
In every breast, such awe and love pervade
The listening troops. They o'er the corse-strewn plain
Speed to their sad employment : some dig deep
The house of Death ; some bear the lifeless load ;
One little troop search carefully around,
If haply they might find surviving yet
Some wounded wretches. As they labour thus,

IX. 212

They mark far off the iron-blaze of arms ;
See distant standards waving on the air,
And hear the clarion's clang. Then spake the Maid
To Conrade, and she bade him speed to view
The coming army ; or to meet their march
With friendly greeting, or if foes they came
With such array of battle as short space
Allowed : the Warrior sped across the plain,
And soon beheld the bannered lillies wave.

Their Chief was Richemont : he, when as he heard
What rites employed the Virgin, straightway bade
His troops assist in burial ; they, tho' grievèd
At late arrival, and the expected day
Of conquest past, yet give their willing aid :
They dig the general grave, and thither bear
English or French alike commingled now,
And heap the mound of Death.

Amid the Plain

There was a little eminence, of old

IX. 213

Piled o'er some honoured Chieftain's narrow house,
 His praise the song had ceas'd to celebrate,
 And moss, in unknown age had the long grass
 Waved o'er the nameless mound, tho' barren now
 Beneath the frequent tread of multitudes.
 There elevate, the Martial Maiden stood,
 Her brow unbowed, and floating on the wind
 Her long dark locks. The silent troops around
 Stood thickly throng'd, as o'er the fertile field
 Billows the ripen'd corn. The passing breeze
 Bore not a murmur from the numerous host,
 Such deep attention held them. She began.

" Glory to those who in their country's cause
 " Fall in the field of battle! Citizens,
 " I stand not here to mourn these gallant men,
 " Our comrades, nor with vain and idle praise
 " Of pity and compassion, to console
 " The friends who loved them. They, indeed, who fall
 " Beneath Oppression's banner, merit well

- " Our pity ; may the **GOD OF PEACE AND LOVE**
 " Be merciful to those blood-guilty men
 " Who came to desolate the realm of France,
 " To make us bow the knee, and crouch like slaves,
 " Before a tyrant's footstool ! Give to these,
 " And to their wives and orphan little-ones
 " That on their distant father vainly cry
 " For bread, give these your pity. Wretched men,
 " Forced or inveigled from their homes, or driven
 " By Need and Hunger to the trade of blood ;
 " Or, if with free and willing mind they came,
 " Most wretched—for before the eternal throne
 " They stand, as hireling murderers arraign'd.
 " But our dead comrades for their freedom fought ;
 " No arts they needed, nor the specious bribes
 " Of promise, to allure them to this fight,
 " This holy warfare ! them their parents sent,
 " And as they raised their streaming eyes to Heaven,
 " Bade them go forth, and from the ruffian's sword
 " Save their grey hairs : these men their wives sent forth,

IX. 215

- " Fix'd their last kisses on their * armed hands,
 " And bade them in the battle think they fought
 " For them and for their babes. Thus rous'd to rage
 " By every milder feeling, they rush'd forth,
 " They fought, they conquer'd. To this high-rear'd mound
 " The men of Orleans shall in after days
 " Bring their young boys, and tell them of the deeds
 " Our gallant friends atchieved, and bid them learn
 " Like them to love their country, and like them,
 " Should wild Oppression pour again it's tide
 " Of desolation, to step forth and stem
 " Fearless, the furious torrent. Men of France!
 " Mourn not for these our comrades; boldly they
 " Fought the good fight, and that Eternal One,

* Sed contra Cœnotria pubes

Non ullus voces ducis aut præcepta requirit.

Sat matres stimulant, natiq̃ue, et cara supinas

Tendentum palmas lacrimantiaq̃ue ora parentum.

Œstant parvos, vagituq̃ue incita pulsan

Corda virũm, armatis infigunt oscula dextris.

Silius Italicus. xii. 587.

IX. 216

- " Who bade the angels harbinger his word
" With "Peace on Earth," rewards them. We survive,
" Honouring their memories to avenge their fall
" On England's ruffian hordes; in vain her chiefs
" Madly will drain her wealth and waste her blood
" To conquer this vast realm! for, easier were it
" To hurl the rooted mountain from it's base,
" Than force the yoke of slavery upon men
" Determin'd to be free: yes—let them rage,
" And drain their country's wealth, and waste her blood,
" And pour their brawling thousands on our coasts,
" Sublime amid the storm shall France arise,
" And like the rock amid surrounding waves,
" Repel the rushing ocean—she shall wield
" The thunder—she shall blast her despot foes.

The Tenth Book.

1

•

.

•

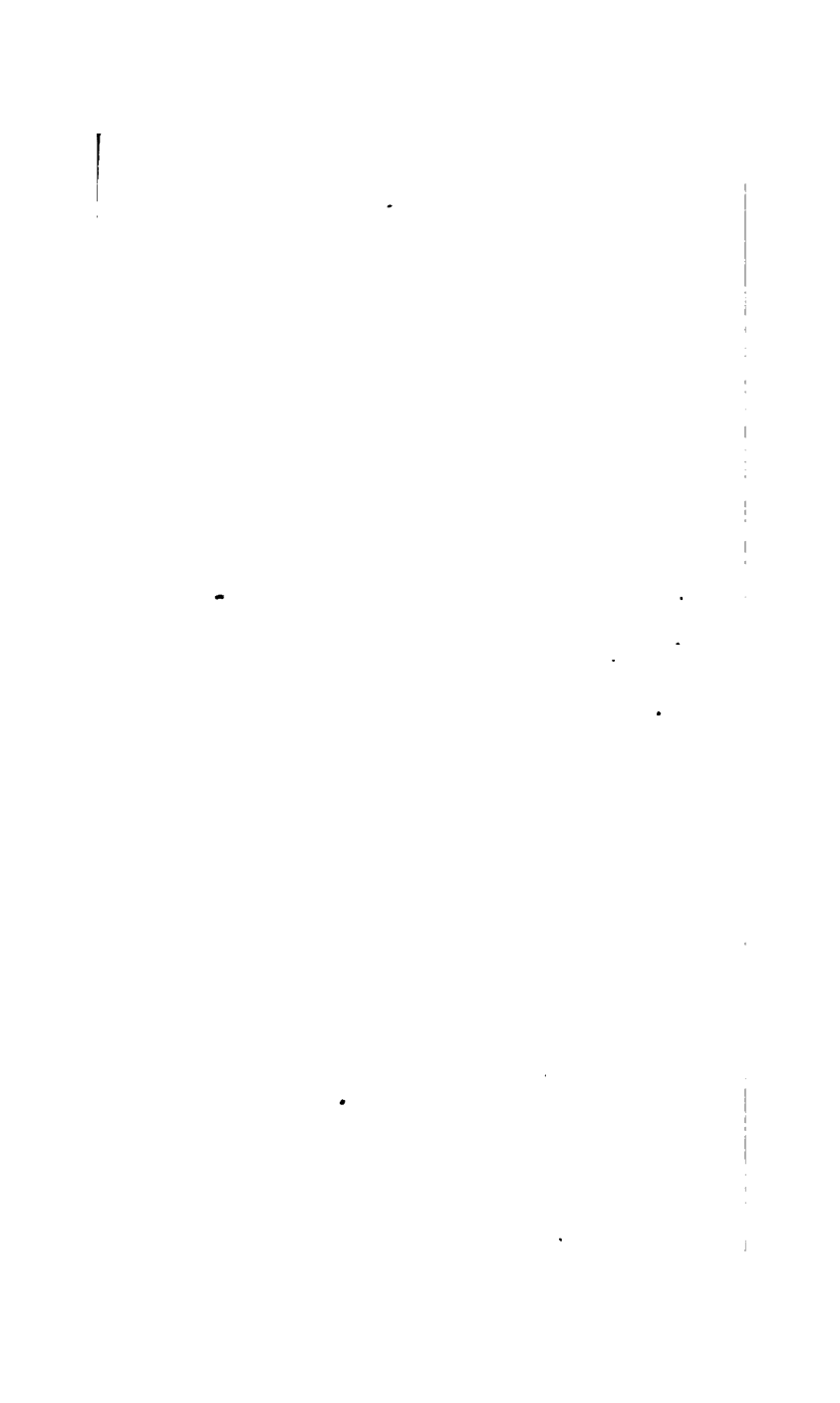
•

.

.

.

*The English succours arrive. Battle of Patay.
The King arrives. The Poem concludes with the
coronation of Charles at Rheims.*



JOAN of ARC.

THE TENTH BOOK.

Thus to the Martyrs in their country's cause
The Maiden gave their fame ; and when she ceas'd,
Such murmur from the multitude arose,
As when at twilight hour the summer breeze
Moves o'er the elmy vale : there was not one
Who mourn'd with feeble sorrow for his friend,
Slain in the fight of Freedom ; or if chance
Remembrance with a tear suffus'd the eye,
The Patriot's joy flash'd thro'.

And now the rites
Of sepulture perform'd, the hymn to Heaven
They chaunted. To the town the Maid return'd,
Dunois with her, and Richemont, and the man,

X. 222

Conrade, whose converse most the Virgin lov'd.
They of pursuit and of the future war
Sat communing ; when loud the trumpet's voice
Proclaim'd approaching herald.

“ To the Maid,”

Exclaim'd the Messenger, “ and thee, Dunois,
“ Son of the Chief he loved ! Du Chastel sends
“ Greeting. The aged warrior has not spared
“ All active efforts to partake your toil,
“ And serve his country ; and tho' late arrived,
“ He share not in the fame your arms acquire ;
“ His heart is glad that he is late arrived,
“ And France preserved thus early. He were here
“ To join your host, and follow on their flight,
“ But Richemont is his foe. To that high Lord
“ Thus says my master : We, tho' each to each
“ Be hostile, are alike the embattled sons
“ Of this our common country. Do thou join
“ The conquering troops, and prosecute success ;
“ I will the while assault what guarded towns

" Bedford yet holds in Orleans : one day,
 " Perhaps the Constable of France may learn
 " He wrong'd Du Chastel."

As the Herald spake,
 The crimson current rush'd to Richemont's cheek.
 " Tell to thy master," eager he replied,
 " I am the foe of those Court Parasites
 " Who poison the King's ear. Him who shall serve
 " Our country in the field, I hold my friend :
 " Such may Du Chastel prove."

So said the Chief,
 And pausing as the Herald went his way,
 Gaz'd on the Virgin. " Maiden ! if aright
 " I deem, thou dost not with a friendly eye
 " Scan my past deeds."

Then o'er the Damsel's cheek
 A faint glow spread. " True Chieftain !" she replied,
 " Report bespeaks thee haughty, of thy power
 " Jealous, and to the shedding human blood
 " Revengeful."

X. 224

“ Maid of Orleans !” he exclaim’d,
“ Should the wolf slaughter thy defenceless flock,
“ Were it a crime if thy more mighty force
“ Destroyed the fell destroyer ? if thy hand
“ Had pierced the Ruffian as he burst thy door
“ Prepar’d for midnight murder, would’st thou feel
“ The weight of blood press heavy on thy soul ?
“ I slew the Wolves of State, the Murderers
“ Of thousands. *JOAN* / when rusted in its sheath,
“ The sword of Justice hung, blamest thou the man
“ That lent his weapon for the virtuous deed ?”

Conrade replied. “ Nay, Richemont, it were well
“ To pierce the ruffian as he burst thy doors ;
“ But if he bear the plunder safely thence,
“ And thou should’st meet him on the future day,
“ Vengeance must not be thine : there is the Law
“ To punish ; and if thy impatient hand,
“ Unheard and uncondemn’d, should execute
“ Death on that man, Justice will not allow

" The Judge in the Accuser!"

" Thou hast said

" Right wisely, Warrior!" cried the Constable ;

" But there are guilty ones above the law,

" Men whose black crimes exceed the utmost bound

" Of private guilt ; court vermin that buz round,

" And fly-blow the King's ear, and make him waste ;

" In this most perilous time, his people's wealth

" And blood : immers'd one while in criminal sloth,

" Heedless tho' ruin threat the realm they rule ;

" And now projecting some mad enterprize,

" To certain slaughter send their wretched troops.

" These are the men that make the King suspect

" His wisest, faithfulest, best Counsellors ;

" And for themselves and their dependents, seize

" All places, and all profits ; and they wrest

" To their own ends the Statutes of the land,

" Or safely break them : thus, or indolent,

" Or active, ruinous alike to France.

" Wisely thou sayest, Warrior ! that the Law

" Should strike the guilty ; but the voice of Justice
 " Cries out, and brings conviction as it cries,
 " Whom the Laws cannot reach the Dagger should."

The Maid replied, " I blame thee not, O Chief !
 " If, reasoning to thine own conviction thus,
 " Thou didst, well-satisfied, destroy these men
 " Above the Law : but if a meaner one,
 " Self-constituting him the Minister
 " Of Justice to the death of these bad men,
 " Had wrought the deed, him would the Laws have seized,
 " And doom'd a Murderer : thee, thy power preserved !
 " And what hast thou exempl'd ? thou hast taught
 " All men to execute what deeds of blood
 " Their will or passion sentence : right and wrong
 " Confounding thus, and making Power, of all,
 " Sole arbiter. Thy acts were criminal,
 " Yet Richemont, for thou didst them self-approved,
 " I may not blame the agent. Trust me, Chief !
 " That when a people sorely are oppress,

" The hour of violence will come too soon,
 " And he does wrong who hastens it. He best
 " Performs the Patriot's and the Good Man's part,
 " Who, in the ear of Rage and Faction, breathes
 " The healing words of Love."

Thus communed they.

Meantime, all panic struck and terrified,
 The English urge their flight ; by other thoughts
 Possess'd than when, elate with arrogance,
 They dreamt of conquest, and the crown of France
 At their disposal. Of their hard-fought fields,
 Of glory hardly-earn'd, and lost with shame,
 Of friends and brethren slaughter'd, and the fate
 Threatening themselves, they brooded sadly, now
 Repentant late and vainly. They whom fear
 Erst made obedient to their conquering march,
 At their defeat exultant, wreak what ills
 Their power allow'd. Thus many a league they fled,
 Marking their path with ruin, day by day
 Leaving the weak and wounded destitute

X. 228

To the foe's mercy ; thinking of their home,
Tho' to that far-off prospect scarcely Hope
Could raise her sickly eye. Oh then what joy
Inspir'd anew their bosoms, when, like clouds
Moving in shadows down the distant hill,
They mark'd their coming succours ! in each heart
Doubt rais'd a busy tumult ; soon they knew
The friendly standard, and a general shout
Burst from the joyful ranks ; yet came no joy
To Talbot : he, with dark and downward brow,
Mus'd sternly, till at length arous'd to hope
Of vengeance, welcoming his warrior son,
He brake a * sullen smile.

“ Son of my age !

“ Welcome young Talbot to thy first of fields.

“ Thy father bids thee welcome, tho' disgraced,

* “ She sternly shook her dewy locks, and brake
“ A melancholy smile.”

Quarles.

X. 229

“ Baffled, and flying from a Woman’s arm !
“ Yes, by my former glories, from a Woman !
“ The scourge of France ! the conqueror of Men !
“ Flying before a Woman ! Son of Talbot,
“ Had the winds wafted thee a few days sooner,
“ Thou hadst seen me high in honour, and thy name
“ Alone had scattered armies ; yet, my child,
“ I bid thee welcome ! rest we here our fight,
“ And lift again the sword.”

So spake the chief ;

And well he counsell’d : for not yet the sun
Had reach’d meridian height, when, o’er the plain
Of PATAY they beheld the troops of France
Speed in pursuit. Soon as the troops of France
Beheld the dark battalions of the foe
Shadowing the distant plain, a general shout
Burst from the expectant host, and on they prest,
Elate of heart and eager for the fight,
With clamours ominous of victory.

Thus urging on, one from the adverse host
 Advanced to meet them: they his garb of peace
 Knew, and they stayed them as the Herald spake
 His bidding to the Chieftains. "Sirs!" he cried
 "I bear defiance to you from the Earl
 "William of Suffolk. Here on this fit plain,
 "He wills to give you battle, power to power;
 "So please you, on the morrow,"

"On the morrow

"We will join battle then," replied Dunois,
 "And God befriend the right!" then * on the Herald
 A robe rich-furred and broidered he bestowed,
 A costly guerdon. Thro' the army spread

* When the armies of England and France lay in the plain between Vironfosse and Flemenguere, 1339, Edward sent to demand a day of battle of the French King. "An herald of the Duke of Gueldres, being well skilled in the French tongue, was sent on this errand: he rode forth till he came to the French host, where being admitted before the King and his Council, he spake aloud these words, "Sir, the King of England is here hard by in the fields, and desires to fight

X. 231

The unwelcome tidings of delay : possessed
With agitating hopes they felt the hours
Pass heavily ; but soon the night wained on,
And the loud trumpets blare from broken sleep
Roused them ; a second time the thrilling blast
Bade them be armed, and at the third † deep sound
They ranged them in their ranks. From man to man
With pious haste hurried the Confessor

you power against power ; and if you please to appoint him a day he will not fail to meet you upon the word of a King." This message being thus delivered, King Philip yielded either to give or take battle two days after, and in token of his acceptance of the news, richly rewarded the herald with furred gowns, and other gifts bestowed on him, as well by himself as others, the Princes and Lords of his host, and so dismissed him again.

Barnes.

† Every man was warned to rise from sleep at the first sound of the trumpet ; at the second to arm without delay, and at the third to take horse in his due place under the colours.

Barnes.

To shrive * them, lest with unprepared souls
 They to their death might go. Dunois meantime

* Religious ceremonies seem to have preceded all settled engagements at this period. On the night before the battle of Crecy, " King Edward made a supper in his royal pavilion for all his chief Barons, Lords and Captains : at which he appeared wonderful chearful and pleasant, to the great encouragement of his people. But when they were all dismissed, to their several quarters, the King himself retired into his private oratory, and came before the altar, and there prostrated himself to Almighty God and devoutly prayed, " that of his infinite goodness he would vouchsafe to look down on the justice of his cause, and remember his unfeigned endeavours for a reconciliation, altho' they had all been rendered frustrate by his enemies : that if he should be brought to a battle the next day, it would please him of his great mercy to grant him the victory, as his trust was only in him, and in the right which he had given him." Being thus armed with faith, about midnight he laid himself upon a pallet or mattress to take a little repose ; but he rose again betimes and heard mass, with his son the young prince, and received absolution, and the body and blood of his redeemer, as did the Prince also, and most of the Lords and others who were so disposed.

Barnes.

Thus also before the battle of Azincour " after prayers and

X. 233

Rode thro' the host; the shield of *dignity
Before him borne, and in his hand he held
The white wand of command. The open helm
Disclosed that eye that tempered the strong lines
Of steady valour, to obedient awe
Winning the will's assent. To some he spake
Of late-earned glory; others, new to war,
He bade bethink them of the feats atchieved
When Talbot, recreant to his former fame,
Fled from beleager'd Orleans. Was there one
Whom he had known in battle? by the hand
Him did he take and bid him on that day
Summon his wonted courage, and once more
Support his chief and comrade. Happy he

supplications of the King, his priests and people done with great devotion, the King of England in the morning very early set forth his hosts in array."

Howes.

* The Roundel. A shield too weak for service which was borne before the General of an army.

X. 234

Who caught his glance or from the Chieftain's lips
Heard his own name ! joy more inspiring
Fills not the Persian's soul, when sure he deems
That Mithra hears propitiously his prayer,
And o'er the scattered cloud of morning pours
A brighter ray responsive.

Then the host
Partook due food, this their last meal belike
Receiving with such thoughtful doubts, as make
The soul, impatient of uncertainty,
Rush eager to the event ; prepared thus
Upon the grass the soldiers laid themselves,
Each in his station, waiting there the sound
Of onset, that in undiminished strength
Strong, they might meet the * battle : silent some

* The conduct of the English on the morning of the battle of Crecy is followed in the text. " All things being thus ordered, every Lord and Captain under his own banner and pennon, and the ranks duly settled, the valourous young King

X. 235

Pondering the chances of the coming day,
Some whiling with a careless gaiety
The fearful pause of action. Thus the French
In such array and high in confident hope

mounted on a lusty white hobby, and with a white wand in his hand, rode between his two Marshalls from rank to rank, and from one Battalia unto another, exhorting and encouraging every man that day to defend and maintain his right and honour: and this he did with so chearful a countenance, and with such sweet and obliging words, that even the most faint-hearted of the army were sufficiently assured thereby. By that time the English were thus prepared, it was nine o'clock in the morning, and then the King commanded them all to take their refreshment of meat and drink, which being done, with small disturbance they all repaired to their colours again, and then laid themselves in their order upon the dry and warm grass, with their bows and helmets by their side, to be more fresh and vigorous upon the approach of the enemy."

Joshua Barnes.

The English before the battle of Azincour "fell prostrate to the ground, and committed themselves to God, every of them tooke in his mouth a little piece of earth, in remembrance that they were mortall and made of earth, as also in remembrance of the holy communion."

Homes.

X. 236

Await the signal ; whilst, with other thoughts,
And ominous awe, once more, the invading host
Prepare them in the field of fight to meet
The Maid of God. Collected in himself
Appeared the might of Talbot. Thro' the ranks
He stalks, reminds them of their former fame,
Their native land, their homes, the friends they loved,
All the rewards of this day's victory.
But awe had filled the English, and they struck
Faintly their shields ; for they who had beheld
The hallowed banner with celestial light
Irradiate, and the Missioned Maiden's deeds,
Felt their hearts sink within them, at the thought
Of her near vengeance ; and the tale they told
Roused such a tumult in the new-come troops,
As fitted them for fear. The aged Chief
Beheld their drooping valour : his stern brow,
Wrinkled with thought, bewray'd his inward doubts :
Still he was firm, tho' all might fly resolved
That Talbot should retrieve his old renown,

X. 237

And period Life with Glory. Yet some hope
Inspired the Veteran, as across the plain
Casting his eye, he marked the embattled strength
Of thousands; Archers of unequalled skill,
Brigans, and Pikemen, from whose lifted points
A fearful radiance flashed, and young Esquires,
And high-born Warriors, bright in blazoned arms.
Nor few, nor fameless were the English Chiefs :
In many a field victorious, he was there,
The gartered Fastolffe; Hungerford, and Scales,
Men who had seen the hostile squadrons fly
Before the arms of England. Suffolk there,
The haughty Chieftain towered; blest had he fallen
Ere yet a Courtly Minion he was marked
By public hatred, and the murderer's name !
There too the Son of Talbot, young in arms,
Moved eager, he, at many a tournament,
With matchless force, had pointed his strong lance,
O'er all opponents, victor: confident
In strength, and jealous of his future fame,

His heart beat high for battle. Such array
 Of marshalled numbers fought not on the field
 Of Crecy, nor at Poitiers; nor such force
 Led Henry to the fight of Azincour,
 When thousands fell before him.

Onward move

The host of France. It was a goodly sight
 To see the embattled pomp, as with the step
 Of stateliness the barbed steeds came on,
 To see the pennons † rolling their long waves
 Before the gale, and banners † broad and bright



† The Pennon was long, ending in two points, the Banner square." Un Seigneur n'etoit Banneret et ne pouvoit porter la banniere quarrée, que lors qu'il pouvoit entretenir a ses depens un certain nombre de Chevaliers et d'Ecuyers, avec leur suite a la guerre: jusques-la son etendard avoit deux queues ou fanons, et, quand il devenoit plus puissant, son souverain coupoit lui-meme les fanons de son etendard, pour le rendre quarré.

Comte de Tressan.

An incident before the battle of Nagera exemplifies this.

Tossing their blazonry, and high-plumed chiefs

“As the two armies approached near together, the Prince went over a little hill, in the descending whereof he saw plainly his enemies marching toward him: wherefore when the whole army was come over this mountain, he commanded that there they should make an halt, and so fit themselves for fight. At that instant the Lord John Chandos brought his ensign folded up, and offered it to the Prince, saying, “Sir, here is my Guidon; I request your Highness to display it abroad, and to give me leave to raise it this day as my banner; for I thank God and your Highness, I have lands and possessions sufficient to maintain it withall.” Then the Prince took the Pennon, and having cut off the tail, made it a square banner, and this done, both he and King Don Pedro for the greater honour, holding it between their hands displayed it abroad, it being Or, a sharp pile Gules: and then the Prince delivered it unto the Lord Chandos again, saying, “Sir John, behold here is your banner. God send you much joy and honour with it.” And thus being made a Knight Banneret, the Lord Chandos returned to the head of his men, and said “here Gentlemen, behold my banner and yours. Take and keep it, to your honour and mine.” And so they took it with a shout, and said by the grace of God and St. George they would defend it to the best of their powers. But the banner remained in the hands of a gallant English Esquire named William Allestry, who bore it all that day, and acquitted himself in the service right honourably.”

Barnes

Vidames* and Seneschalls and Chastellains,
Gay with their bucklers gorgeous heraldry,
And silken † surcoats on the buoyant wind
Billowing.

* This title frequently occurs in the French Chronicles, it was peculiar to France, "the Vidame or Vicedominus being to the Bishop in his temporals as the Vicecomes or Vicount anciently to the Earle, in his judicials."

Peter Heylyn.

† Joshua Barnes seems to have been greatly impressed with the splendour of such a spectacle. "It was a glorious and ravishing sight, no doubt," says he, "to behold these two armies standing thus regularly embattled in the field, their banners and standards waving in the wind, their proud horses barbed, and Kings, Lords, Knights, and Esquires richly armed, and all shining in their surcoats of sattin and embroidery."

Thus also at Poitiers "there you might have beheld a most beautiful sight of fair harness, of shining steel, feathered crests of glittering helmets, and the rich embroidery of silken surcoats of arms, together with golden standards, banners and pennons gloriously moving in the air.

And at Nagera "the sun being now risen, it was a ravishing sight to behold the armies, and the sun reflecting from

X. 241

And now the Knights of France dismount,
For not to brutal strength they deemed it right
To trust their fame and their dear * country's weal ;
Rather to manly courage, and the glow
Of honourable thoughts, such as inspire
Ennobling energy. Unhors'd, unspurr'd,

their bright steel and shining armour. For in those days the Cavalry were generally armed in mail or polished steel at all points, and besides that, the Nobility wore over their armour rich surcoats of silk and satin embroidery, whereon was curiously sticht or beaten, the arms of their house, whether in colour or metal.

* Nos Ancestres, et netamment du temps de la guerre des Anglois, en combats solemnels et journées assignées, se mettoient la plus-part du temp tous à pied ; pour ne se fier à autre chose qu' à leur force propre et vigueur de leur courage et de leur membres, de chose si chere que l' honneur et la vie.

Montaigne. Liv. i. c. 48.

In the battle of Patay, Monstrellet says, " les François moult de pres mirèrent pied à terre, et descendirent la plus grand partie de leur chevaulx.

X. 242

Their † javelins lessen'd to a wieldy length,
 They to the foe advanced. The Maid alone,
 Conspicuous on a coal-black courser, meets
 The war. They moved to battle with such sound
 As rushes o'er the vaulted firmament,
 When from his scat, on the utmost verge of Heaven
 That overhangs the Void, Father of Winds!
 HRAESVELGR * starting, rears his giant bulk,
 And from his eagle pinions shakes the storm.

† Thus at Poitiers, " the three battails being all ready
 ranged in the field, and every Lord in his due place under
 his own banner, command was given that all men should put
 off their spurs, and cut their spears to five foot length; as
 most commodious for such who had left their horses.

Barnes.

* Hraesvelgr vocatur
 Qui sedet in extremitate cæli,
 Gigas exuvias amictus aquilæ:
 Ex ejus alis
 Ferunt venire ventum
 Omnes super homines.

Vafthrudnimal.

X. 243

High on her stately steed the Martial Maid
Rode foremost of the war : her burnish'd arms
Shone like the brook that o'er its pebbled course
Runs glittering gayly to the noon-tide sun.
Her foaming courser, of the guiding hand
Impatient, smote the earth, and toss'd his mane,
And rear'd aloft with many a froward bound,
Then answered to the rein with such a step,
As, in submission, he were proud to show
His unsubdued strength. Slow on the air
Waved the white plumes that shadow'd o'er her helm.
Even such, so fair, so terrible in arms
Pelides moved from Scyros, where, conceal'd
He lay obedient to his mother's fears
A seemly Virgin ; thus the Youth appear'd

Where the Heavens remotest bound
With darkness is encompassed round
There Hrævelger sits and swings
The tempest from his eagle wings.

The Edda of Sæmund, translated by A. S. Cottle.

X. 244

Terribly graceful, when upon his neck
Deidameia hung, and with a look
That spake the tumult of her troubled soul,
Fear, anguish, and upbraiding tenderness,
Gazed on the father of her unborn babe.

An English Knight, who eager for renown
Late left his peaceful mansion, mark'd the Maid.
Her power miraculous, and fearful deeds
He from the troops had heard incredulous,
And scoff'd their easy fears, and vow'd that he,
Proving the magic of this dreaded Girl
In equal battle, would dissolve the spell,
Powerless oppos'd to valor. Forth he spur'd
Before the ranks; she mark'd the coming foe,
And fix'd her lance in rest, and rush'd along.
Midway they met; full on her buckler driven,
Shiver'd the English spear: her better force
Drove the brave foeman senseless from his seat.
Headlong he fell, nor ever to the sense

X. 245

Of shame awake, for rushing multitudes
Soon crush'd the helpless Warrior.

Then the Maid
Rode thro' the thickest battle : fast they fell,
Pierced by her forceful spear. Amid the troops
Plunged her strong war-horse, by the noise of arms
Elate and rous'd to rage, he tramples o'er,
Or with the lance * protended from his front,

* In a combat fought in Smithfield 1467, between the Lord Scales and the Bastard of Burgoyne, "the Lord Scales" horse had on his chafron a long sharp pike of steele, and as the two Champions coaped together, the same horse thrust his pike into the nostrills of the Bastard's horse, so that for very paine, he mounted so high that he fell on the one side with his master. *Edmond Howes.*

Lope de Vega is the only poet in whom I have found this weapon mentioned.

Unicornia el cavallo parecia
Con el fuerte pyramide delante,
Que en medio del boçal resplandecia
Como si fuera punta de diamante.

Jerusalem Conquistada. L. 10.

Amadis, after his combat with Gasquilan, was struck down by one of these pikes.

X. 246

Thrusts down the thronging squadrons. Where she turns
The foe tremble and die. Such ominous fear
Seizes the Traveller o'er the trackless sands,
Who marks the dread Simoom across the waste,
Sweep its swift pestilence : to earth he falls,
Nor dares give utterance to the inward prayer,
Deeming the Genius of the Desert breathes
The purple blast of Death.

Such was the sound
As when the tempest, mingling air and sea,
Flies o'er the upturn ocean : dashing high
Their foamy heads amid the incumbent clouds,
The madden'd billows, with their deafening roar,
Drown the loud thunder's peal. In every form
Of horror, Death was there. They fall, transfix'd
By the random arrow's point, or fierce-thrust lance,
Or sink, all battered by the ponderous mace :
Some from their coursers thrown, lie on the earth,
Unwieldy in their arms, that weak to save,
Protracted all the agonies of Death.

X. 247

But most the English fell, by their own fears
Betrayed, for Fear the evil that it dreads
Increases. Even the Chiefs, who many a day
Had met the war and conquered, trembled now,
Appall'd by her, the Maid miraculous.
As the blood-nurtured Monarch of the wood,
That o'er the wilds of Afric, in his strength
Resistless ranges, when the mutinous clouds
Burst, and the lightnings thro' the midnight sky
Dart their red fires, lies fearful in his den,
And howls in terror to the passing storm.

But Talbot, fearless where the bravest fear'd,
Mowed down the hostile ranks. The Chieftain stood
Like the strong oak, amid the tempest's rage,
That stands unharm'd, and while the forest falls
Uprooted round, lifts his high head aloft,
And nods majestic to the warring wind.
He fought resolved to snatch the shield of *Death

* Thus did Juba catch up the shield of Death to defend

X. 248

And shelter him from Shame. The very herd
 Who fought near Talbot, tho' the Virgin's name
 Made their cheeks pale, and drove the curdling blood
 Back to their hearts, caught from his daring deeds
 New force, and went like Eaglets to the prey
 Beneath their mother's wing : to him they look'd
 Their tower * of strength, and followed where his sword
 Made thro' the foe a way. Nor did the son
 Of Talbot shame his lineage ; by his sire
 Emulous he strove, like the young Lionet
 When first he bathes his murderous jaws in blood.



himself from Ignominy.

Cleopatra.

* Ωσπερ γαρ μιν πύργον εν οφθαλμοισιν ορωσιν.

ΤΥΡΤΑΙΟΣ

Quarles has made this expression somewhat ludicrous by calling Sampson

Great army of men, the wonder of whose power
 Gives thee the title of a walking tower.

X. 249

They fought intrepid, tho' amid their ranks
Fear and Confusion triumph'd; for such awe
Possess'd the English, as the Etruscans felt,
When self-devoted to the Infernal Gods
The gallant Decius stood before the troops,
Robed in the victim garb of sacrifice,
And spake aloud, and call'd the Shadowy Powers
To give to Rome the conquest, and receive
Their willing prey; then rush'd amid the foe,
And died upon the hecatombs he slew.

But Hope inspir'd the assailants. Xaintrailles there
Spread fear and death; and Orleans' valiant Son
Fought as when Warwick fled before his arm.
O'er all præeminent for hardiest deeds
Was Conrade. Where he drove his battle-axe,
Weak was the buckler or the helm's defence,
Hauberk, or plated mail; thro' all it pierced,
Resistless as the forked flash of Heaven.
The death-doom'd foe, who mark'd the coming Chief,

X. 250

Felt such a chill run thro' his shivering frame,
As the night traveller of the Pyrenees,
Lone and bewildered on his wintery way,
When from the mountains round reverberates
The hungry Wolves' deep yell : on every side,
Their fierce eyes gleaming as with meteor fires,
The famish'd troop come round : the affrighted mule
Snorts loud with terror, on his shuddering limbs
The big sweat starts, convulsive pant his sides,
Then on he rushes, wild in desperate speed.

Him dealing death an English Knight beheld,
And spurr'd his steed to crush him : Conrade leap'd
Lightly aside, and thro' the Warrior's greeves
Fix'd a deep wound : nor longer could the foe,
Tortur'd with anguish, guide his mettled horse,
Or his rude plunge endure ; headlong he fell,
And perish'd. In his castle-hall was hung
On high his father's shield, with many a dint
Graced on the blood-drench'd field of Azincour :

X. 251

His deeds the son had heard ; and when a boy,
 Listening delighted to the old man's tale,
 His little hand would lift the weighty spear
 In warlike pastime : he had left behind
 An infant offspring, and did fondly deem
 He too in age the exploits of his youth
 Should tell, and in the Stripling's bosom rouse
 The fire of glory.

Conrade the next foe-
 Smote where the heaving membrane separates
 The chambers of the trunk. The dying man,
 In his Lord's castle dwelt, for many a year,
 A well-beloved servant : he could sing
 Carols for Shrove-tide, or for Candlemas,
 Songs for the Wassel, and when the Boar's * head,

* Two carols for this occasion are preserved in Mr. Ritson's valuable collection of Ancient Songs. The first of these, here alluded to, is as follows :

Caput aprì defero

Reddens laudes demino.

X. 252

Crown'd with gay garlands, and with Rosemary,
Smoaked on the Christmas board: he went to war
Following the Lord he loved, and saw him fall
Beneath the arm of Conrade, and expir'd,
Slain on his Master's body.

Nor the fight
Was doubtful long. Fierce on the invading host
Press the French troops impetuous, as of old,
When, pouring o'er his legion slaves on Greece,
The Eastern Despot bridged the Hellespont,

The bore's heed in hand bring I
With garlands gay and rosemary,
I pray you all synge merely
Qui estis in convivio.

The bore's heed I understande
Is the chefe servyce in this lande,
Loke where ever it be fande
Servite cum cantico.

Be gladde lordes bothe more and lasse
For this hath ordeyned our stewarde,
To chere you all this christmasse
The bore's heed with mustarde.

X. 253

The rushing sea against the mighty pile
 Roll'd its full weight of waters ; far away
 The fearful Satrap mark'd on Asia's coasts
 The floating fragments, and with ominous fear
 Trembled for the Great King.

Still Talbot strove,

His foot firm planted, his uplifted shield
 Fencing that breast that never yet had known
 The throb of fear. But when the warrior's eye,
 Quick glancing round the fight, beheld the foe
 Pressing to conquest, and his heartless troops
 Striking with feebler force in backward step,
 Then o'er his cheek he felt the patriot flush
 Of shame, and loud he lifted up his voice,
 And cried, " fly cravens ! leave your aged chief
 " Here in the front to perish ! his old limbs
 " Are not like yours so supple * in the flight."

* Της δε παλαιότερης, ὡν ἔστι γυνὰτ' ελαφρα,
 Μὴ καταλειπόντες φευγετε τῆς γεραίας.

X. 254

" Go tell your countrymen how ye escaped

" When Talbot fell !"

In vain the warrior spake,
In the uproar of the fight his voice was lost ;
And they, the nearest, who had heard, beheld
The martial Maid approach, and every thought
Was overwhelm'd in terror. But the son
Of Talbot marked her thus across the plain
Careering fierce in conquest, and the hope
Of glory rose within him. Her to meet
He spurr'd his horse, by one decisive deed
Or to retrieve the battle, or to fall
With honour. Each beneath the others blow
Bowed down ; their lances shivered with the shock :

Αισχρον γαρ δη τετο μετα προμαχοισι πεσοντα
Κεισθαι προσθε νεων ανδρα παλαροτερον,
Ηδη λευκον εχοντα καρη, πολιον τε γενειον,
Θυμον αποπνειοντ' αλκιμον εν κονιη.

ΤΤΡΤΑΙΟΣ.

To earth their couriers fell : at once they rose,
 He from the saddle * bow his falchion caught
 Rushing to closer combat, and she bared
 The lightning † of her sword. In vain the youth

* In the combat between Francus and Phouere, Ronsard says

— de la main leurs coutelas trouverent
 Bien aiguisez qui de l'arçon pendoyent.

On this passage the commentator observes, “ l' auteur
 arme ces deux chevaliers à la mode de nos gendarmes
 François, la lance en la main, la coutelace ou la mace à l'
 arçon, et l'espée au costé.

Thus Desmarests says of the troops of Clovis

A tous pend de l'arçon, à leur mode guerrierre,
 Et la hache tranchante, et la mace meurtriére.

And when Clovis on foot and without a weapon hears the
 shrieks of a woman, he sees his horse

Jette l'œil sur l'arçon, et void luire sa hache.

Lope de Vega speaks of the sword being carried in the same
 manner, when he describes Don Juan de Aguila as
 desatando del arçon la espada.

† Desnudo el rayo de la ardiente espada.

Jerusalem Conquistada.

Essayed to pierce those arms that even the power
 Of Time was weak to injure : she the while
 Thro' many a wound beheld her foe's blood
 Ooze fast. " Yet save thee Warrior ! " cried the Maid,
 " Me canst thou not destroy : be timely wise,
 " And live ! " He answered not, but lifting high
 His weapon, drove with fierce and forceful arm
 Full on the Virgin's helm : fire from her eyes
 Flash'd with the stroke : one step she back recoiled,
 Then in his breast plunged deep the sword of Death.

Him falling Talbot saw. On the next foe,
 With rage and anguish wild, the Warrior turn'd ;
 His ill-directed weapon to the earth
 Drove down the unwounded Frank : he lifts the sword
 And thro' his all-in-vain imploring hands
 Cleaves the poor suppliant. On that dreadful day
 The sword of Talbot,* clogg'd with hostile gore,

—————

* This inscription was upon the sword of Talbot.—" Sum
 " Talboti pro vincere inimicos suos." A sword with bad

X. 257

Made good its vaunt. Amid the heaps his arms
Had slain, the Chieftain stood and swayed around
His furious strokes : nor ceased he from the fight,
Tho' now discomfited the English troops
Fled fast, all panic-struck and spiritless ;
And mingling with the routed, Fastolffe fled,
Fastolffe, all fierce * and haughty as he was,

Latin upon it, but good steel within it, says Fuller.

It was probably not uncommon to bear a motto upon the sword. Lope de Vega describes that of Aguila as bearing inlaid in gold, a verse of the psalms. It was, he says,

Mas famosa que fue de hombre cenida,
Para ocasiones del honor guardada,
Y en ultima defensa de la vida,
Y desde cuya guarnicion dorada
Hasta la punta la canal brunida
Tenia escrite de David un verso.
Nielado de oro en el azero terso.

Jerusalén Conquistada.

* In the original letters published by Mr. Fenn, Fastolffe appears in a very unfavourable light. Henry Windsor writes thus of him, "hit is not unknown that cruelle and vengible

X. 258

False to his former fame ; for he beheld
 The Maiden rushing onward, and such fear
 Ran thro' his frame, as thrills the African,
 When, grateful solace in the sultry hour,
 He rises on the buoyant billow's breast,
 If then his eye behold the monster shark
 Gape eager to devour.

But Talbot now

A moment paused, for bending thitherwards
 He mark'd a warrior, such as well might ask

he hath byn ever, and for the most part with aute pite and mercy. I can no more, but *vade et corripe eum*, for truly he cannot bryng about his matiers in this word (*world*), for the word is not for him. I suppose it wolnot chaunge yett be likelenes, but i beseche you sir help not to amend hym onely, but every other man yf ye kno any mo mysse disposed."

The order of the Garter was taken from Fastolffe for his conduct at Patay. He suffered a more material loss in the money he expended in the service of the state. In 1455, £ 4083. 15. 7. were due to him for costs and charges during his services in France, "whereof the sayd Fastolff hath had nouthur payement nor assignation." So he complains.

X. 259

His utmost force. Of strong and stately port
The onward foeman moved, and bore on high
A battle-axe, in many a field of blood
Known by the English Chieftain. Over heaps
Of slaughtered, strode the Frank, and bade the troops
Retire from the bold Earl: then Conrade spake.
" Vain is thy valour Talbot! look around,
" See where thy squadrons fly! but thou shalt lose
" No glory, by their cowardice subdued,
" Performing well thyself the soldier's part."

" And let them fly!" the indignant Earl exclaimed,
" And let them fly! but bear thou witness, Chief!
" That guiltless of this day's disgrace, I fall.
" But Frenchman! Talbot will not tamely fall,
" Or unrevenge."

So saying, for the war
He stood prepared: nor now with heedless rage
The Champions fought, for either knew full well
His foeman's prowess: now they aim the blow

X. 260

Insidious, with quick change then drive the steel
Fierce on the side exposed. The unfaithful arms
Yield to the strong-driven edge; the blood streams down
Their battered mails. With swift eye Conrade marked
The lifted buckler, and beneath impell'd
His battle-axe; that instant on his helm
The sword of Talbot fell, and with the blow
Shivered. "Yet yield thee Englishman!" exclaimed
The generous Frank—"vain is this bloody strife:
"Me shouldst thou conquer, little would my death
"Avail thee, weak and wounded!"

"Long enough

"Talbot has lived," replied the sullen Chief:
"His hour is come; yet shalt not thou survive."
"To glory in his fall!" So, as he spake,
He lifted from the ground a massy spear,
And rushed again to battle.

Now more fierce

The conflict raged, for careless of himself,
And desperate, Talbot fought. Collected still

X. 261

Was Conrade. Wheresoe'er his foeman aimed
His barbed javeln, there he swung around
The guardian shield : the long and vain assault
Exhausted Talbot now ; foredone with toil
He bare his buckler low for weariness,
His buckler now splintered * with many a stroke
Fell peace-meal ; from his riven arms the blood
Streamed fast : and now the Frenchman's battle-axe
Drove unresisted thro' the shieldless mail.
Backward the Frank recoiled. " Urge not to death
" This fruitless contest," cried he ; " live, oh Chief!
" Are there not those in England who would feel

* L'écu des Chevaliers était ordinairement un bouclier de forme à peu près triangulaire, large par le haut pour couvrir le corps, et se terminant en pointe par le bas, afin d'être moins lourd. On les faisait de bois qu'on recouvrait avec du cuir bouilli, avec des nerfs ou autres matières dures, mais jamais de fer ou d'acier. Seulement il était permis, pour les empêcher d'être coupés trop aisément par les épées, d'y mettre un cerole d'or, d'argent, ou de fer, qui les entourât.

Le Grand.

X. 262

" Keen anguish at thy loss? a wife perchance-

" Who trembles for thy safety, or a child

" Needing a Father's care!"

Then Talbot's heart

Smote him. " Warrior! he cried, " if thou dost think

" That life is worth preserving, hie thee hence,

" And save thyself: I loath this useless talk."

So saying, he addressed him to the fight,

Impatient of existence: from their arms

Flashed fire, and quick they panted; but not long

Endured the deadly combat. With full force

Down thro' his shoulder even to the chest,

Conrade impelled the ponderous battle-axe;

And at that instant underneath his shield

Received the hostile spear. Prone fell the Earl,

Even in his death rejoicing that no foe

Should live to boast his fall:

Then with faint hand:

Conrade unlaced his helm, and from his brow.

Wiping the cold dews, ominous of death,
 He laid him on the earth, thence to remove,
 While the long lance hung heavy in his side,
 Powerless. As thus beside his lifeless foe
 He lay, the Herald of the English Earl
 With faltering step drew near, and when he saw
 His master's arms, "Alas! and is it you,
 "My Lord?" he cried. "God pardon you your sins!
 "I have been forty years your officer,
 "And time it is I should surrender now
 "The ensigns of my office!" So he said,
 And paying thus his rite of sepulture,
 Threw o'er the slaughtered chief his blazoned * coat.

* This fact is mentioned in Andrews's History of England. I have merely versified the original expressions. "The herald of Talbot sought out his body among the slain. "Alas my Lord! and is it you! I pray God pardon you all your misdoings. I have been your officer of arms forty years and more: it is time that I should surrender to you the ensigns of my office." Thus saying, with the tears gushing from his eyes, he threw his coat of arms over the corpse, thus performing one of the ancient rites of sepulture."

X. 264

Then Conrade thus bespake him : " Englishman,

" Do for a dying soldier one kind act !

" Seek for the Maid of Orleans, bid her haste

" Hither, and thou shalt gain what recompence

" It pleases thee to ask."

The herald soon,

Meeting the missioned Virgin, told his tale.

Trembling she hastened on, and when she knew

The death-pale face of Conrade, scarce could *AGAIN*

Lift up the expiring warrior's heavy hand,

And press it to her heart.

" I sent for thee,

" My friend !" with interrupted voice he cried,

" That I might comfort this my dying hour

" With one good deed. A fair domain is mine ;

" Let Francis and his Isabel possess

" That, mine inheritance." He paused awhile,

Struggling for utterance ; then with breathless speed,

And pale as him he mourned for, Francis came,

And hung in silence o'er the blameless man,

X. 265

Even with a brother's sorrow : he pursued,
" This *JOAN* will be thy care. I have at home
" An aged mother—Francis, do thou soothe
" Her childless age. Nay, weep not for me thus :
" Sweet to the wretched is the tomb's repose !"

So saying Conrad drew the javelin forth,
And died without a groan.

By this the Scouts,
Forerunning the King's march, upon the plain
Of *PATAY* had arrived, of late so gay
With marshalled thousands in their radiant arms,
And streamers glittering in the noon-tide sun,
And blazon'd shields, and gay accoutrements,
The pageantry of murder : now defiled
With mingled dust and blood, and broken arms,
And mangled bodies. Soon the Monarch joins
His victor army. Round the royal flag,
Upreat'd in conquest now, the Chieftains flock
Proffering their eager service. To his arms,

Or wisely fearful, or by speedy force
 Compelled, the embattled towns submit and own
 Their rightful King. Baugenci strives in vain :
 Jenville and Mehun yield ; from Sully's wall
 Hurl'd is the bannered Lion : on they pass.
 Auxerre, and Troyes, and Chalons, ope their gates,
 And by the Mission'd Maiden's rumoured deeds
 Inspirited, the Citizens of Rheims
 Feel their own strength ; against the English troops
 With patriot valour, irresistible,
 They rise, they conquer, and to their liege Lord
 Present the city keys.

The morn was fair
 When Rheims re-echoed to the busy hum.
 Of multitudes, for high solemnity
 Assembled. To the holy fabric moves
 The long procession, thro' the streets bestrewn
 With flowers and laurel boughs. The Courtier throng
 Were there, and they in Orleans, who endured
 The siege right bravely ; Gaucour, and La Hire,

X. 267

The gallant Xaintrailles, Boussac, and Chabannes,

La Fayette, name that Freedom still shall love,

Alencon, and the bravest of the brave,

The Bastard Orleans, now in hope elate,

Soon to release from hard captivity

A dear-beloved brother ; gallant men,

And worthy of eternal memory,

For they, in the most perilous times of France

Despaired not of their country. By the King

The Delegated Damsel passed along

Clad in her battered arms. She bore on high.

Her hallowed banner to the sacred pile,

And fixed it on the altar, whilst her hand

Poured on the Monarch's head the mystic * oil,

* "The Frenchmen wonderfully reverence this oyle ; and at the coronation of their Kings, fetch it from the church where it is kept, with great solemnity. For it is brought (saith Sleiden in his Commentaries) by the Prior sitting on a white ambling Palfrey, and attended by his Monkes ; the Archbishop of the town (Rheims) and such Bishops as are present, going to the church door to meet it, and leaving for

Wafted of yore by milk-white Dove from Heaven,
 (So legends say) to Clovis, when he stood
 At Rheims for baptism ; dubious since that day,
 When Tolbiac plain reek'd with his warrior's blood,
 And fierce upon their flight the Alemanni prest,
 And reared the shout of triumph ; in that hour
 Clovis invoked aloud the Christian God,
 And conquered : waked to wonder thus, the Chief
 Became Love's convert, and Clotilda led
 Her husband to the font.

The Missioned Maid

Then placed on Charles's brow the Crown of France,
 And back retiring, gazed upon the King
 One moment, quickly scanning all the past,
 Till in a tumult of wild wonderment
 She wept aloud. The assembled multitude

it with the Prior some gage, and the King, when it is by the
 Archbishop brought to the altar, bowing himself before it
 "with great reverence."

Peter Heylyn.

X. 269

In awful stillness witnessed : then at once,
As with a tempest-rushing noise of winds,
Lifted their mingled clamours. Now the Maid
Stood as prepared to speak, and waved her hand,
And instant silence followed.

“ King of France !”

She cried—“ At Chinon, when my gifted eye

“ Knew thee disguised, what inwardly the Spirit

“ Prompted, I spake—armed with the sword of God

“ To drive from Orleans far the English Wolves,

“ And crown thee in the rescued walls of Rheims.

“ All is accomplished. I have here this day

“ Fulfilled my mission, and anointed thee

“ Chief Servant of the People. Of this charge,

“ Or well performed or wickedly, high Heaven

“ Shall take account. If that thine heart be good,

“ I know no limit to the happiness

“ Thou mayest create. I do beseech thee King !”

The Maid exclaimed, and fell upon the ground

And clasped his knees, “ I do beseech thee King !

X. 270

- “ By all the millions that depend on thee,
“ For weal or woe—consider what thou art,
“ And know thy duty ! if thou dost oppress
“ Thy people, if to aggrandize thyself
“ Thou tear'st them from their homes, and sendest them
“ To slaughter, prodigal of misery !
“ If when the Widow and the Orphan groan
“ In want and wretchedness, thou turnest thee
“ To hear the music of the flatterer's tongue ;
“ If when thou hear'st of thousands massacred,
“ Thou sayest, “ I am a King ! and fit it is
“ That these should perish for me.” If thy realm
“ Should, thro' the counsels of thy government,
“ Be filled with woe, and in thy streets be heard
“ The voice of mourning and the feeble cry
“ Of asking hunger ; if at such a time
“ Thou dost behold thy plenty-covered board,
“ And shroud thee in thy robes of Royalty,
“ And say that all is well—Oh gracious God !
“ Be merciful to such a monstrous man,

X. 271

“ When the Spirits of the murdered innocent

“ Cry at thy throne for justice !

“ King of France !

“ Protect the lowly, feed the hungry ones,

“ And be the Orphan's father ! thus shalt thou

“ Become the Representative of Heaven,

“ And Gratitude and Love establish thus

“ Thy reign. Believe me, King ! that hireling guards,

“ Tho' fleshed in slaughter, would be weak to save

“ A tyrant on the blood-cemented Throne

“ That totters underneath him.”

Thus the Maid

Redeemed her country. Ever may the ALL-JUST

Give to the arms of FREEDOM such success.

END.



